Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 28, 1972 60 CENTS

# THE OLYMPICS



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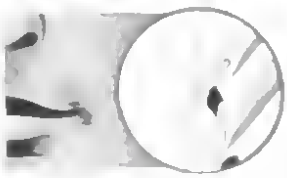
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**7 million Chevrolet owners have switched to Champion Spark Plugs.**

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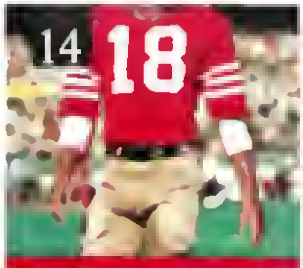
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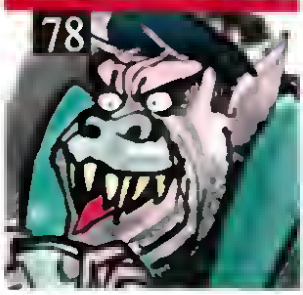











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*Credits on page 89*

## Next week

***A GOLFING JIGSAW*** takes place in Pinehurst when the top pros meet in a combination medal-match play tournament that may require a math degree to solve. Dan Jenkins tries.

***HUDDLE*** schmuddle, growl victims zapped by the Boston radio program *Sports Huddle*, but there are a lot more sports nuts swearing by the three-man talk show than at it.

***A TRICKY TRACK*** and tough driving make Darlington's Southern 500 what it is: not the fastest or richest race, but still the Big Daddy of them all. Kim Chapin tells why.

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THE TRAVELERS

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



VERSCHOTH AND STEVE PREFONTAINE

Handicapping is a chancy business under the best of circumstances, but picking the winners at an event like the Olympic Games, with more than 120 nations and 9,000 athletes competing, is an exercise that would confound a Nathan Detroit. Still . . . on page 55 are our selections.

The choices are largely the work of one person, a perceptive, resolute and—all things considered—courageous woman named Anita Verschoth, who is now in Munich as a member of SI's reportorial photographic team. She arrived at her choices with the help of interviews with coaches and experts around the world, 867 pounds of clippings and what she calls "some very strong opinions of my own." Her opinions, it should be explained, are buttressed by her experiences at five previous Olympiads—two Summer and three Winter Games.

Tokyo in 1964 was her first Summer Olympics. There we learned what a quick mind and pair of feet she has. To the quadrennial problem of getting enough press passes, for instance, Verschoth in Tokyo took a refreshingly direct approach. She would arrive credential-less at the Olympic Village gate each morning, bow deeply to the Japanese guard and, when she got a return bow, sprint past. On another occasion in Tokyo she wore a sweat suit as a disguise to gain access to the village (the only problem was that when she tried to leave after curfew that night she was held up by a guard).

She has something else going for her in Munich: she speaks the language like a native. In fact, having been born in Krefeld, near Dusseldorf, she *is* a native, though she emigrated to the United States 10 years ago and now makes her home in New York. (Photographer Heinz Kluetmeier, born in Berlin but now living near Milwaukee, is a second member of the SI team who *spricht Deutsch.* Most of the others in Munich, including Senior Editor Gilbert Rogin, make do with guttural pronunciations of English.)

Apart from Verschoth's good contacts and good instincts in track and field (she picked Steve Prefontaine in the 5,000 meters because "I just believe in him"), Anita is in many ways an expert in her own right. She has covered the sport for 12 years and is a runner—O.K., a jogger—herself. She worked under the tutelage of Mihaly Igloi, coach of the Hungarian team in Melbourne in 1956 and now coach of the Greek team in Munich.

She finds the Olympic setting conducive to obtaining good stories. In the unfamiliar surroundings, the athletes are more willing to sit and rap for a few minutes. "Like me, they are tourists until the competition begins," explains Anita. "We have much in common, so they talk." Once she has them talking, she can usually dig out what is really on their minds. "Sometimes they can't seem to express it, what is motivating them, for example."

After Munich, Verschoth plans a sharp change of pace. She will travel to Nepal to join an expedition to the 18,000-foot level of Mount Everest, where nobody will be able to second-guess her Olympic picks. Are you listening, Nathan Detroit?

Dick Munro

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# BOOKTALK

**A history of archery from A to Y, and 'Foxfire,' a how-to from the mountain folk**

The headless body of the queen was laid for burial in a box of elm designed to hold sheaves of arrows, and this was fitting for she had been fond of archery. Scarcely a year before, her husband the king had paid 33 shillings and fourpence for "Bowys, Arrowys, shafts, brode hedds, bracer and shooting glove" for her. The queen was, of course, Anne Boleyn, second of the six wives of Henry VIII and the first to be beheaded.

This and a hundred other fascinating tidbits enliven the imposing volume *The Grey Goose Wing* by E. G. Heath (New York Graphic Society, $24.95), which contains 22 color plates and more than 300 black-and-white illustrations. The title refers to the goose feathers used for fletching (or feathering) arrows. "The crooked stick and the grey goose wing" was a fanciful description of the bow and arrow in days gone by.

This is no more a book to be read than is an encyclopedia, but after an excursion among its pages one can only appreciate the bow and arrow, which is among the oldest of man's weapons and sporting instruments, with a life-span of over 50,000 years.

Best known is the longbow—a light, bent and tapered staff about six feet long, made most often of yew and loosing an arrow of between 30 and 36 inches. In its great days a company of 100 bowmen could accurately release 600 arrows a minute on a target. Its peak came when Henry V sent 200 archers to decimate the French flank at Agincourt. The sky, it was said, was darkened by a continuing hail of shafts, and the French horses, bristling with arrows, reared and rolled on their riders.

How the bow and arrow came into being is a matter of conjecture, but arrowheads about 50,000 years old have been found, and a wood bow dating from 2690 B.C. Two dozen fine bows were found in the tomb of Tutankhamen (1362-1344 B.C.). Egyptian bows were light, strong and naturally straight, with astonishing power of penetration. Thutmose III (circa 1480 B.C.) could fire an arrow through a copper target three fingers thick and with such force that the shaft penetrated three handsbreadths on the other side. On an elephant hunt in northern Syria he is said to have killed 120 tuskers.

The longbow often had a pull of 70 pounds, while a composite bow (a wooden core backed by a layer of horn and faced by a layer of hide) had a pull of 120 or more. Since every king was not blessed with a nation of fullbacks, attempts were early made to design a powerful bow that could be used by a weaker man. The result was the crossbow, which was prohibited by Pope Innocent II in 1139 as being "deathly and hateful to God and unfit to be used among Christians." Its use against Turks was thought proper.

Now the practice of archery, once demanded in the national interests in England, lives on throughout the world as a sport. Courses in bowmanship are widely offered, archery clubs flourish and love of the "crooked stick and grey goose wing" provides a curiously strong link between atomic man and his Stone Age ancestor.

—LEONARD WIBBERLEY

Jake Waldroop says he once went turkey hunting and howled like a hoot owl "an' this old gobbler answered me way down—he go, 'Chobalobaloh, chohalobalob.'" Minyard Conner says his granddaddy once shot a bear and "that bear said 'OOOOOO Lord,' just as plain!"

Bill Lamb says, "I always *was* cowardly of a night. After I'uz married, I used t'be awful bad t'sleep with m'head covered up. . . . M'granddaddy was'ere wi'me, an' he hollered, 'Bill, Bill!' I . . . rared up an' said, 'What!' He said, 'Somethin's eatin'up ever'one'a yore chickens!' An' I heered 'em goin' 'Cow! Cow! Cow!' I run out on th' porch. Had a awful good dog . . . I . . . tried t'whistle an' couldn't! M'chin kep' jerkin'. . . . I set in callin' an' here he come, 'n got after that possum. Ran'im along th' rails a'th' fence. You never heered rails fallin' s'much. . . ."

So anybody who likes outdoors stories with plenty of authentic noise in them like these will value *The Foxfire Book* (Doubleday, $8.95, paperback, $3.95). This assemblage of country lore is the work of a young high-school teacher named Eliot Wigginton and his students at Rabun Gap-Nacoochee School in the north Georgia mountains, who went out into the hills with tape recorders and interviewed their elder neighbors on the lore of their generation.

They found out how to camouflage moonshine (paint the jars buttermilk color), how to find an antidote for the poison of a rattlesnake (tease one until he bites himself accidentally and then follow him to see what herb he eats) and how to recognize a coachwhip snake: "They say they can get around a cow's leg and just run her t'death a'whuppin' her with th' end of their tail."

Not every reader will be able to put all of this information to use. But *The Foxfire Book* also tells how to build a log cabin, sew a quilt, can tomatoes, dress and cook various wild animals and make a chair. A good many people beyond the Appalachians, readers of such popular guides to the simple life as *The Whole Earth Catalog*, are finding such skills timely. They make you feel that the collapse of modern civilization might have its bright side.

—ROY BLOUNT JR.






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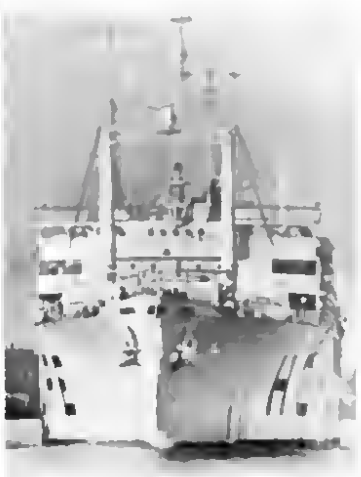
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# SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

### COST-OF-LIVING-IT-UP NOTE

Thanks to a pair of recent high-level government decisions, ABC-TV's coverage of the Munich Olympics, which will be the most exhaustive in sports history, finds the network caught in an apparent profit squeeze even before the eternal flame gets lit. The squeeze will not curtail this year's 61½ hours of exposure but it must certainly give instant pause to television's decision-makers when they contemplate future extravaganzas of this sort.

ABC will have invested four years of hard labor and more than $20 million *to prepare for the 17 days of programming* it has scheduled—what with 30 hours of coverage tucked into 10 weeknight slots starting Aug. 28 and ending Sept. 8. Each evening will present three hours of prime-time programming, while other networks are offering the final gasp of TV's summer reruns. ABC expects to cash in mightily on the lack of competition.

Because Munich is five hours ahead of the U.S. Eastern time zone, all nighttime coverage will be taped from earlier action that same day. In addition to the tapes, the network will provide some 18 hours of live coverage during three weekends of the Games, including, on Sept. 9, a "Ryun Special," the 1,500-meter finals, which are scheduled to begin about noon.

ABC Sales is figuring an average audience of 9.7 million sports-happy homes, and 20 sponsors have eagerly bought up all 451 commercial minutes (at $48,000 each). Considering that this comes to a very tidy gross revenue of $21,648,000, why the profit-and-loss tears? Well, that's television, and ABC paid the Germans $13,500,000 for Olympic rights and facilities, and other expenses doubtless will push the final total into the red. The two political setbacks since the package was awarded are last year's revaluation of the German mark (a $1.9 million blow) and the FCC's refusal to waive the local prime-time rule, which will cost the network another $1.1 million.

Obviously, the cost of gold, silver and bronze has gone out of sight.

### ACC OPENS THE DOOR

After a federal court judged it illegal and discriminatory, the Atlantic Coast Conference, which had been the only major league in the country to have a minimum college board entrance requirement for participation in sports, abandoned its rule. Previously, ACC colleges had not permitted anyone with less than 800 on his college boards to take *part in athletics, unless he also had a* 1.75 grade prediction average instead of the NCAA's required 1.6.

ACC football coaches, especially Hootie Ingram at Clemson and Jerry Claiborne at Maryland, had been the most vocal in condemning the rule, which impeded their recruiting. ACC basketball coaches, who have built strong national powers under the old rule, had not complained.

Still, Maryland immediately enrolled Maurice (Mo) Howard, Philadelphia basketball star, who almost surely could not have been admitted to college under the old regulation.

### SEA CHANGE IN PHILLY

A year ago Philadelphia's Board of Education, in an effort to pry money out of state and city treasuries, threatened to wipe out all 1971-72 school year varsity sports in order to balance its budget. Money came through and the high school athletes got to play, though the football season started a week late.

Now Philadelphia is on its way to becoming the sportingest city in the nation by way of celebrating 1976, the country's bicentennial year. It has been awarded the 1976 finals of the National Collegiate Athletic Association basketball tournament, as well as the All-Star games of the National Hockey League, the National Basketball Association and major league baseball.

Now, if Pete Rozelle is listening, Philly would like a shot at the Super Bowl. Br-r-r-r.

### THE SAINTS MARCH OUT

Among the eight contemporary figures immortalized in the stained-glass windows of the Spaghetti Emporium, a Harvard Square eating place for students, are Joe Namath and Bobby Orr. Another is Spiro Agnew, who is shown as St. John the Baptist, his index finger pointing skyward and a GOP banner in the folds of his sleeve.

Orr guards his flock with a hockey stick instead of a crosier and, in place of a Bible, holds a Boston Bruins program. Namath, grinning like a bear, wears a green and white uniform, reminiscent of St. Patrick, and has a miniature football encrusted on his crosier.

Christy Rufo, an artist who specializes in stained glass, remade the designs from windows in a 60-year-old church. He took out the religious symbols and *replaced the heads*.

"I make stained-glass windows for a living," he explained, "but I prefer to



concentrate on the whimsical and tongue in cheek, even for church windows. They're too impersonal and removed."

### HORSEY SETS, ANYONE?

When the horses aren't running, and that is for most of the year, a racetrack is a piece of property going to waste. But Golden Gate Fields near San Francisco already has an infield golf course of nine holes, mostly par-3s, and now is adding 10 tennis courts, to be opened for the

*continued*

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**0364 JOAN BAEZ** Blessed Are (2 LPs & 2 tapes) **Vanguard**

**1235 STEPPENWOLF** For Ladies Only **ABC/Dunhill**

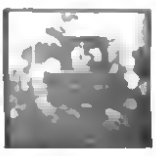
**5854 TEN YEARS AFTER** Alvin Lee & Co. **Decca**



**S547 MOODY BLUES** In Search Of The Lost Chord **Deram**

**0272 DIONNE WARWICKE STORY** (2 LPs & 2 tapes) **Scepter**

**0371 GREATEST FOLK SINGERS OF THE SIXTIES** (2 LPs & 2 tapes) **Vanguard**



**1458 STEPPENWOLF** Rest In Peace **ABC/Dunhill**

**0288 DIONNE WARWICKE** From Within (2 LPs & 2 tapes) **Scepter**

**7883 MICHEL LEGRAND** Brian's Song **Bell**

**7044 BEETHOVEN** Piano Sonatas **Yorkshire**




**3170 DUFFY SAINTE-MARIE** Moonshot **Vanguard**

**8164 JOHNNY WINTER** First Winter **Buddah**

**0802 TOM JONES** Live At Caesars Palace (2 LPs & 2 tapes) **Parrot**

• **7802 MOUNTAIN** Flowers Of Evil **Windfall**



**7269 ENVIRONMENTAL SOUNDS** Nature's Music **Yorkshire**

**7850 PARKRIDGE FAMILY SHOPPING BAG** **Bell**

**7000 TCHAIKOVSKY** 1812 Overture **Yorkshire**

**5577 ANNUNZIO PAOLO MANTOVANI** **London**

**8058 2001** A Space Odyssey **MGM**

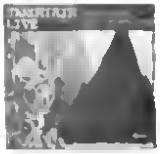


**7848 SYN DIMENSION** Individually & Collectively **Bell**

**7833 DAVID CASSIDY** Cherish **Bell**

**8281 ROGER WILLIAMS** Summer Of '42 **Kapp**

**0522 WOODSYDOR TWO** (2 LPs & 2 tapes) **Cotillion**



*7R76 **MOUNTAIN/LIVE**—The Road Goes Ever On **Windfall**

**2059 ROD STEWART** Every Picture Tells A Story **Mercury**

**8581 TOM JONES** Close Up **Parrot**

**2640 GUESS WHO** Born In Canada **Wand**

*NOTE: 8-track and cassette tapes NOT available for these selections only.

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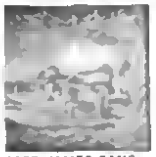
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American Pie
United Artists



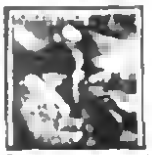
7777 GODSPELL
Original Cast
Bell



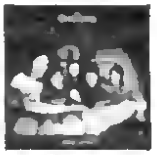

5564 AL GREEN
Let's Stay Together
HI



1377 JAMES GANG
Straight Shooter
ABC



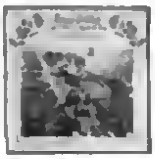
5198 ROBERTA FLACK
First Take
Atlantic



1433 GRASS ROOTS
Move Along
ABC/Dunhill



8178 THE WHO
Who's Next
Decca



6333 SONNY & CHER
All I Ever Need
Is You Kapp

5503 ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK
Live At The Riviera
Parrot

1168 GRASS ROOTS
Their 16 Greatest Hits
ABC



6431 STAPLE SINGERS Be Altitude: Respect Yourself Stax

0505 CROSBY, STILLS NASH & YOUNG Four Way Street (2 LPs & 2 tapes) Atlantic

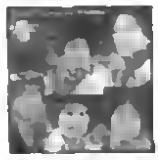
3700 JAMES TAYLOR & The Flying Machine Kopkeria



6864 THE LONDON CHUCK BERRY SESSIONS Chess

1037 STEPPENWOLF
Gold ABC/Dunhill

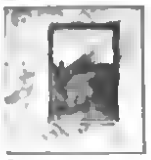
3660 HILLSIDE SINGERS
I'd Like To Teach
The World To Sing
Metromedia



8672 JACKSON 5
Lookin' Through
The Window Motown

6870 THE GOSPEL SOUL OF ARETHA FRANKLIN Checker

2776 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. Two
Scepter



6138 LED ZEPPELIN
Atlantic

3783 B. J. THOMAS
Billy Joe
Scepter




0635 ISAAC HAYES/ SHAFT Original ST (2 LPs & 2 tapes) Enterprise



5206 CREAM
Live, Vol. II Atco

6114 OSMONDS
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Signature _____

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## RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club

Golden Gate Pacific Coast Tennis Classic Sept. 18, when women pros will compete for $20,000 one week and men pros for $34,000 the next.

When that is over, Dennis Van der Meer will conduct tennis classes and rent courts to all comers. Then, when racing returns, nine courts will become parking lots on Saturdays and holidays. Only the center court will remain untouched.

**CLOUDS OVER ORLANDO**

One reason minor league baseball is so much fun to watch is that so many strange things happen on the field, incidents that remind one of the good old Brooklyn Dodger days at Ebbets Field.

Less than a week after Early Wynn was inducted into the Hall of Fame, his Orlando Twins of the Class A Florida State League did some very fancy losing. They lost not just a twin bill but a tripleheader, scheduled because two previous games had been rained out. The Cocoa Astros whipped them 5–0, 2–0, 4–3. No arrests were made.

And Pancho Herrera, the Philadelphia Phillie from the 1958-61 era, has been reviving a lost art as playing manager of the Key West Conchs. Playing first base, he may have come up with a new baseball record. He has pulled off the hidden ball trick no fewer than 16 times this season, including twice in one game against Orlando.

**DANGER AL FRESCO**

Books have been written about how easy it is to search around in the wilds, or even in vacant lots, and find delicious and nutritious stuff that cannot be bought in supermarkets. It is true that this can be done. It is also true that it is dangerous fun, as mushroom fanciers will tell you.

Two Baltimore youngsters died recently. One, a 15-year-old girl keenly interested in organic foods, had come across the fact that a tall, coarse herb known as pokeweed is edible when boiled. So it is, but only when the pokeweed shoots are young, gathered in early spring, and boiled not once but several times. She boiled the shoots only once, in summer, and died.

The other victim was a boy who was found dead in a woods. His hobby was botany. In his hand was a list of botanical products, like Solomon's seal and foxglove, which are poisonous. He had died, as Socrates did 2,371 years ago, by drinking an extract from the bark of the hemlock.

The supermarket is not too terribly attractive to the gourmet but it is reasonably safe. Only the very well-schooled should dine experimentally in the woods.

**FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE**

On his way to an alumni gathering, Mike III, Louisiana State University's Bengal tiger mascot, was injured when his trailer became unhitched and overturned on the highway. The 14-year-old Mike was taken back to the university, where Dr. Robert B. Lank, veterinarian, said he was all right except for a slight laceration of his right rear paw.

Word of the accident spread rapidly, along with rumors that Mike was in a bad way. So a group of Tiger fans telephoned an offer to donate their blood, if needed.

**GRAND TOUR FOR SOCCER**

The world's most popular sport is soccer, but interest in it grows ever so slowly in the U.S. Based on the experience of 13 Maine schoolboys just returned from a 21-day soccer-playing tour of Europe, it will be a long day before the U.S. attains any worldwide stature in the game.

"What we learned," said Bob Doucette of Bridgton Academy, assistant coach of the Maine all-stars, "was that we don't know very much. The way we play soccer in this country would make an Englishman sick, I'm afraid. But the experience, the pure learning experience, was worth a million."

No sports pages anywhere reported the results, but Maine got beaten 5–3 by the Etter Beek Football Club of Brussels, then beat the British School of Brussels 1–0.

"We were lucky in the first one," Doucette noted, with a certain acceptance of fate, "and, come to think of it, we were lucky in the second one, too."

Then came a succession of defeats at scores of 6–0, 11–2, 5–3, 6–0 and the like in Britain.

Even so, Doucette rationalized, "We learned a great deal about kicking, passing and trapping. The thing that improved most was the ball-control skills. The British are just tremendous at this. They do things with a ball like our best basketball guards. At the end of those clinics [the boys had five days of clinics under six top coaches] we had some players who were hurting and some deflated egos. There were a couple of our guys who went over thinking they were pretty good. You can imagine the letdown."

Now, as part of soccer's Great Leap Forward in Maine, the master schedule calls for the Mainers to be ready to beat the English by 1981, in time to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Yorktown.

**STRAINED RELATIONS REPAIRED**

The crisis was rather different from what Lamar Hunt, owner of the Dallas Tornado soccer team, expected when he dashed up to the hotel room of Lev Derlougin, president of the Moscow Dynamo team. About to conduct the Russians on a tour of Dallas, Hunt had been told that Derlougin had had "an accident in his room."

He found Derlougin sitting in his underwear, a victim of American room service—which until this moment, even at its worst, had never been as bad as Russian room service. He had sent a pair of pants to the cleaner's—the only pair he had for a three-week stay in the U.S.—and when they came back the buttons were missing (the kind of buttons that button up the front of a man's pants, a Russian invention).

Hunt dispatched a police-escorted car to the cleaner's and soon had his show back on the road.

Dynamo played without four of its stars, who had been dispatched to Munich, and the game ended in a scoreless tie.

**THEY SAID IT**

• Upton Bell, New England Patriots' general manager, whose roster includes graduates of Yale, Colgate, Dartmouth and Princeton: "When some guys come in to talk contract, I may be reading a paperback. When those guys come in I'm reading Dostoevski."

• Al Conover, new Rice football coach, explaining his background: "I have a master's degree. The subject of my thesis was 'What college done for me.'"

• Selita Sue Smith, who will be Purdue's Golden Girl for Boilermaker football games for the fourth consecutive year: "I've been getting ostracized by the Women's Lib types at Purdue. They say I'm exploited, but I don't think so. As I see it, I'm not going to wear a sequined suit for the rest of my life, so why not enjoy it while I can?" **END**

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Enjoy all the color and action of the 1972 Olympics at home, while you enjoy the TV buy of the year.

As a salute to this exciting event, our new remote control "Champion" model will carry a special sale price until September 6th. Only $358.88*. It's the set that lives up to its name with a brilliant 18" (diagonal) picture. With this winner, you don't have to budge from your favorite chair to tune in the Olympic action.

And Emerson outdistances competition with two more superb values. The 16" (diagonal) "Jupiter" and the 12" (diagonal) "Ranger." Both with advanced engineering features for that extra-sharp picture.

If you can't fly to Munich for three weeks, run to your Emerson dealer for the inside track on color television value.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for Model 18CP40WR. Price slightly higher in West. "Champion" price special to September 6th only.




"Champion" (18CP40WR) 18" diagonal, remote control, solid state, automatic color control $358.88*

Jupiter (16EP03) 16" diagonal

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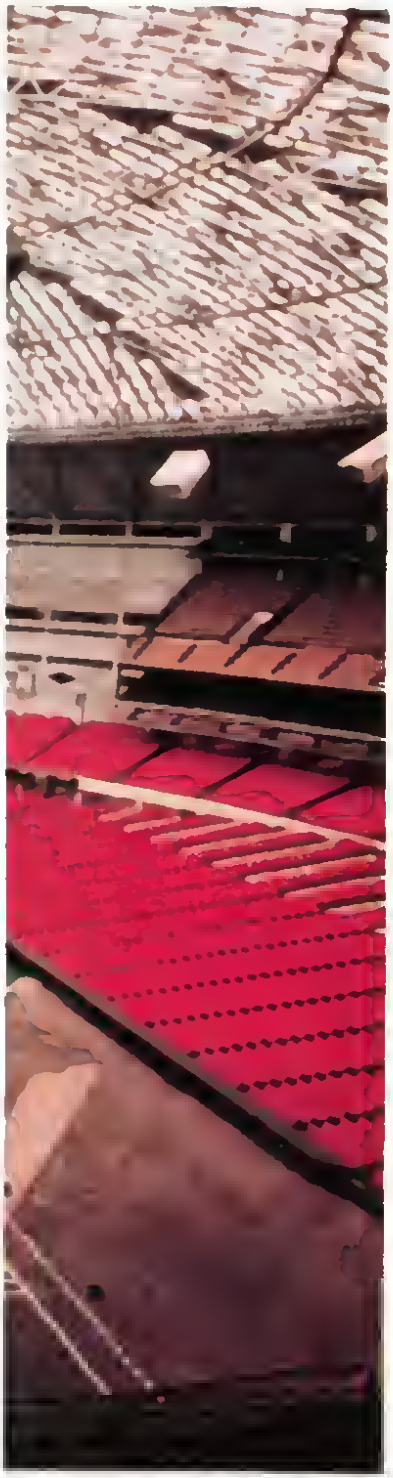
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# HIGH ON THE HASH



*The pros have moved the football to center field. If all goes as expected, watch the scores climb*

**by JOE JARES**



Classes haven't even started yet, but it is already clear that students of pro football will be in for a hard time if they haven't mastered the new In course, Hash Marks 101. Last week, as the pros took their third preschool tests, Houston Coach Bill Peterson exulted over hash marks, that set of insignificant chalk slashes a yard apart that run the length of a football field. Previously these hash marks were located approximately 20 yards in from each sideline of the 53⅓-yard-wide field. This year the pros have moved each of them exactly three yards, one foot and nine inches closer to the center of the field to line up with the goalpost uprights, and that little move, Peterson says, "is going to make the game more exciting, bring more scoring and eliminate some of the defenses. But, then, they're always coming up with something new, aren't they?"

Well, yes, which hasn't always made life easy for those spectators who insist upon understanding the niceties of the game, including influence blocking, bump-and-run, fly patterns and red-dogging, not to mention Duane Thomas on press relations, Karl Sweetan on sales and Roger Staubach on staying in the pocket. What may make hash marks more difficult, at least at the start, is that not everybody is as sure as Peterson what effect placing the 160 markings 23 yards from each sideline will have.

Hash marks, for the uninitiated, are guides that show the officials where to place the football after a runner is tackled near the sideline or is run out of bounds. Officially, they are called inbound lines and generally they are ignored by spectators. But they are important, or at least that is what the National Football League owners, who had become concerned over last season's low-scoring games (75 fewer touchdowns in 1971 than two years before), were thinking when they decided to move them. If they are right, this seemingly unobtrusive playing around with chalk may not only lead to more touchdowns but to more field goals, more end runs and perhaps even a small revival of the Statue of Liberty play.

In the new setup, every play will start from very near the middle of the field—no more wide side-short side or strong side-weak side, no more spacious prairie around one end and crowded city traffic around the other, far less lopsidedness. Offenses that so often had to be left-handed or right-handed can now be ambidextrous all the time. Short-side defensive backs who have grown expert at forcing runners and receivers out of bounds will now have to rely less on their 12th man, the sideline. ("Old Man Sideline never misses a tackle," they used to say.) It is enough to make a man forget those Wishbone-crazy collegians.

But is it working? After just a few exhibition games, it is too early to tell for sure, although a few offensive players already are making good use of the extra elbow room. San Francisco Wide Receiver Gene Washington caught five passes for 66 yards against the New York Jets and was ready to kiss the rules-makers. "I didn't realize there'd be so much difference in 3½ yards," he said, "but the little more room to cut is to my advantage. I noticed I could run ei-

*continued*



*Down the middle in the Astrodome (left) and the Coliseum, the new hash marks line up with the uprights for an easy field-goal target.*

ther short or long patterns without too much trouble."

"I like the room and I think I can use it," said an enthusiastic Bob Hayes of Dallas, who foresees himself running lots of end-around plays and catching quick short-side passes. "Hayes likes it," said Cowboy Quarterback Craig Morton, "and anything Hayes likes, I've got to love."

Nobody expected defensive players to be thrilled, and they are not. Some of them, like Mike Curtis of Baltimore, have accepted it stoically as another burden in their frustrating jobs. "No problem," he says. "I have enough speed to compensate for the few extra yards I'll have to cover. I'll get my man."

But other defensive players are downright annoyed. "The next thing they'll do is have mechanical fields so they can tilt them and the offense can always go downhill," said Detroit Linebacker Wayne Walker.

"As I see it, there is a conspiracy in pro sports against the defense," said Miami Safety Dick Anderson. "In baseball they helped the hitters by lowering the pitcher's mound and tightening the strike zone. In pro basketball they outlawed the zone defense to get more scoring in the game. Now they've instituted a rules change to give the pro football offense another advantage. For years defensive units have used the short side of the field as an extra man because, in reality, it was that much less real estate to cover. . . .

"All of this is because people in certain areas of power feel that football is becoming dull. Not enough scoring to keep the excitement going. And just a few years ago, when the old AFL was getting started, the same people were saying that the AFL was inferior because it didn't have the tough defense that the established NFL teams had."

The main conspirators in this case were the members of the NFL's Competition Committee, Owners Paul Brown of Cincinnati and Al Davis of Oakland and General Managers Tex Schramm of Dallas and Jim Finks of Minnesota. They are supported strongly by the Rams' Tommy Prothro, who went to the limit. "Move the hash marks five yards," he said, "or always put the ball in the middle. This will give two wide sides to run to." Chicago Owner George Halas, who well remembers the pre-1933 days when in both college and pro football a play started right from where a man was tackled, even if it was one inch from the sideline—creating an unbalanced line that was *really* an unbalanced line—demurred, forcing a compromise at the same distance apart as the pro goalpost uprights, 18 feet, six inches. Done.

The most dramatic effect of the rule is likely to be a big, boring increase in field goals. Kansas City Coach Hank Stram says the goal, in effect, has been widened by six yards because the bad-angle kicks from inside the 15 or 20 have been eliminated. Jan Stenerud of the Chiefs points out that the change is particularly noticeable in short yardage—"the eight- to 15-yarders," he said. "The angle is not nearly as sharp."

"The field goal cheapens the game," grumbled Atlanta Coach Norm Van Brocklin, "and now this rule makes the field goal easier." Yet the kickers don't seem to be rejoicing, maybe because they still have to worry about onrushing linemen, gusts of fickle wind and their own psyches.

"I think a lot of the kickers will get messed up by it," said Miami's Garo Yepremian. "Because there is a change, the kickers will psychologically think there is something wrong. Most of the kickers are mixed up already. They'll find any excuse for missing goals."

"I've always felt I was a better kicker from the wide hash marks, the old ones, because I concentrate more," said LA's David Ray. "Now it's a straight-on kick and I personally feel that's the toughest."

Many in the league feel the rule is aimed specifically at reducing the effectiveness of the zone defenses played so expertly by Baltimore, Miami and other teams, defenses in which, among many variations, the backs covered areas or zones on the wide side and played man-to-man on the short side. The zones have been particularly good for taking away the long touchdown pass.

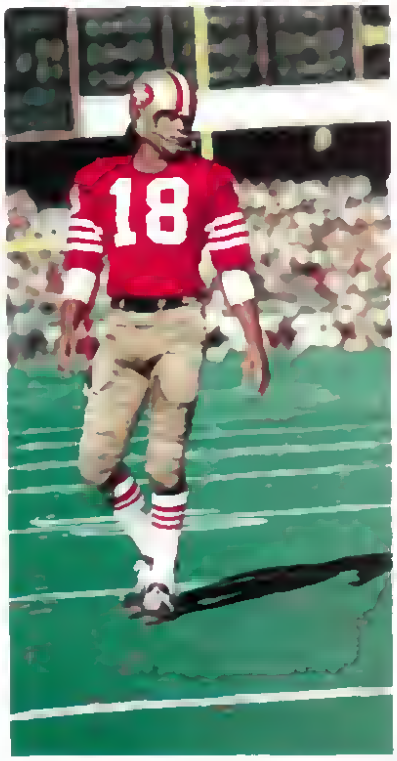
"They had to do something with the zone defenses becoming so popular," said Chicago Coach Abe Gibron. "Did you see in the Super Bowl where Bob Hayes had trouble getting out? He'd run and he'd run and there'd still be a guy in front of him. If the hash-mark change doesn't work in opening up the offenses, I'm sure they'll try something else."



*Tommy Prothro, Ram coach: "Put the ball in the middle. This will give two wide sides."*



*Jan Stenerud, Chief kicker: "The eight- to 15-yard angles won't be nearly as sharp"*



*Gene Washington, 49er receiver: "I didn't realize there would be so much difference."*

Safety Jerry Logan of the Colts doesn't seem to be losing any sleep over the change. "It just won't affect us too much in our zone defense," he said. "The field is still the same size and I'll still have to cover it."

Assistant Coach Bill McPeak of Detroit, Runner Pete Banaszak of Oakland and Offensive Coach Ken Shipp of New Orleans are among the majority who feel the zone will be hurt—not driven out of the sport but made more difficult to operate. Why?

"Because the middle linebacker, who last season could use the hash mark as a friend, can't do it anymore," said Shipp. "Last year, with the ball on the hash mark, he could drop straight back, using the hash mark as a guide. Now he has to commit himself sooner and take a drop that is angular rather than straight back. It's upsetting."

"The middle linebacker won't be able to take a false step one way to confuse the quarterback and then drop the other way," said McPeak. "He won't have time."

Tim Rossovich, a middle linebacker recently traded from Philadelphia to San Diego, is not considering retirement. "From the films I've seen, the hash marks don't make any difference," he said. "The defenses are set up, nobody's concerned." But, said Banaszak, "It is going to cause the linebackers to guess more. They must cheat my way, and that opens up a throwing lane for the quarterback. In our first game on a draw play I suddenly found room to the outside and I knew there was room for me. I didn't have to worry about how close the sideline was. The hash marks made that play for me. It was a good gain.

"The new markers force the zone defenses to cover more area on sweeps and enable a runner to get around the corner. There's no longer a short side, and don't tell me a defense doesn't have to worry about that!"

How about up the middle? Garland Boyette, a nine-year veteran linebacker for Houston, said he had already noticed a trend in the Oiler exhibition losses to Dallas and Chicago.

"Everybody seems to be running to the middle more, especially the halfbacks on cutbacks," he said. "I guess I've seen more cutbacks than at any time in my career. It might be because the linebackers are having to concern themselves more with the outside."

Now, there are at least two situations in which the changed markings could *hurt* the offensive team. (Pay close attention, students; this may show up on the final exam.) Joe Sullivan, Washington assistant, pointed out the first: "Say you're deep in your own territory, about the one- or two-yard line. If you try to run a sweep, your pulling linemen could very easily run smack into the goalpost. And the quarterback rolling out could easily run into it, too." In other words, Gus Goalpost would replace Old Man Sideline as the 12th defender.

Move the offense down the field to within a few yards of a touchdown and another problem arises. Some defensive players, backed against their own goal, are happy to stack up the middle or chase a runner a short distance to either side rather than risk chasing down somebody like Buffalo's O.J. Simpson or Denver's Floyd Little sprinting around the old wide side. If this theory holds up, touchdowns might grow scarcer and those field goals Van Brocklin admires so much might increase even more. But there are others who reason that teams no longer will have to play for good field position on third down to help their field-goal kicker, giving them one extra chance at a touchdown. School is still out on this argument.

Lest anybody forget, the field is not yet perfectly balanced, the hash marks are not smack in the center. Green Bay Defensive Backfield Coach Don Doll wants to cling to that optimistic note. "Of course, there still is a short side," he said. "This is a game of inches and there's still 18½ feet more field on one side than on the other. That's got to make some difference."

Then he joined the consensus. "But on the whole they've opened up that short side to a lot more offense. Not just passes, either. It's helped the offense, no question about that."

Well, that's it for Hash Marks 101, class, but before you move on to Professors Cosell, Gifford and Meredith, take heed of one more bit of football expertise, one more juicy subtlety, one more clever wrinkle. We return you to Middle Linebacker Rossovich: "If they run, I'll hit 'em. If they pass, I'll find 'em." Fine, the NFL is saying, but just miss once in a while? We want a touchdown! **END**



*Mike Curtis, Colt linebacker: "I have enough speed to compensate. I'll get my man."*



*Until recently things were too grim to grin in Chicago, but now the Sox smile as Allen pursues a triple crown and Chuck Tanner a pennant.*

# HAPPY DAYS ARE THERE AGAIN

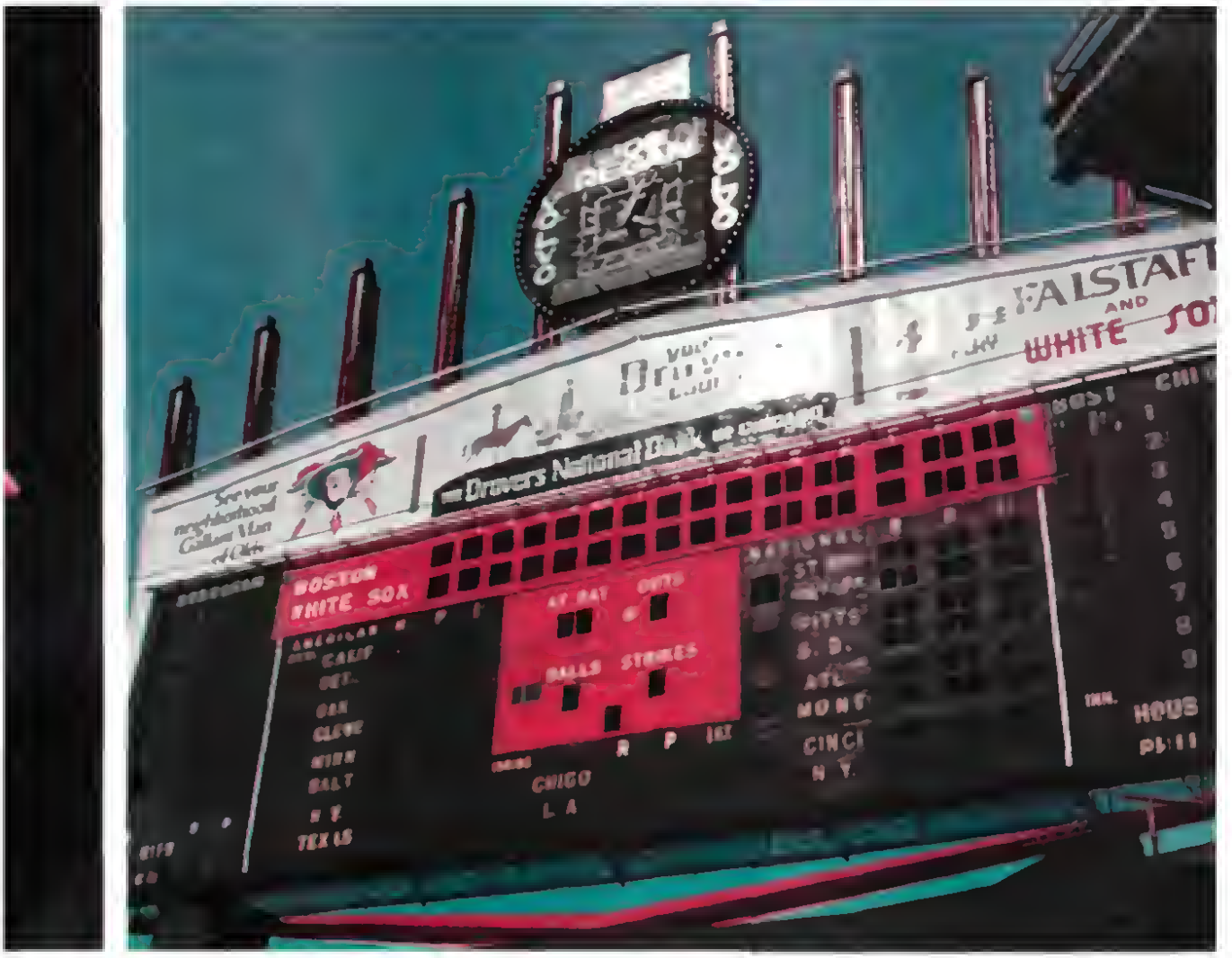
*The White Sox blaze as Dick Allen saves his homers for the days and Wilbur Wood's knuckler continues to amaze. Even the scoreboard seems to faze foes in Chicago where the Sox are a new craze*

**by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The Western Division of the American League is supposed to be the dullest in all of baseball. In its first three years the division never generated enough genuine competition to draw more than yawns as first the Minnesota Twins and then the Oakland A's ran off with easy championships. The two teams subsequently lost nine consecutive games to the Baltimore Orioles in the playoffs. But last week a race finally developed in the West as the Chicago White Sox came galloping up on Oakland, caught the A's and a share of first place.

The White Sox? Yes, the White Sox, until recently a familiar name only because of the past. Nellie Fox, Luke Appling, Minnie Minoso, Ed Walsh, Jim Landis, Al Lopez, Gary Peters, all those Comiskeys, Bill Veeck and "Say it ain't so, Joe" The Black Sox, "Go, Go, Go," exploding scoreboards, cups of beer poured down on outfielders, sharp defense, Announcer Bob Elson interviewing players from the Pump Room. Death came to those Sox in 1970 and they were programmed to rest forevermore in peace and privacy on the South Side of Chicago after losing 106 games, finishing sixth and ludicrously calling themselves "The Big White Machine."

Walk the streets of Chicago these days, however, and the only place one is apt to find a genuine Cub fan is under a rock. Despite all that noise coming from the American League East where the Tigers, Orioles, Yankees and Red Sox seem to be backing away from first place, the long-shot White Sox have won enough




*Big boomer is watching us, says Brewer Frank Lane, who contends the Sox Park exploding scoreboard may harbor spies.*

games to be leading the Eastern division by five games if the alignments were different. From July 22 through the end of last week Chicago won 21 of 28 to erase an Oakland lead that had once stretched to 8½ games.

The Sox have made their way back into the hearts of Chicago fans for several reasons. Manager Chuck Tanner exudes such charm and expresses so many positive thoughts about his club that he could easily be mistaken for a male Dinah Shore. Dick Allen, his personality and life-style in severe contrast to Ernie Banks and Billy Williams of the North Side Cubs, is leading the American League in virtually every batting category and has not only showed up for every game but played in all of them as well. Wilbur Wood, the chunky lefthander, pitches on six seconds' notice and has yet to knuckle under to fatigue. Carlos May, baseball's most valorous performer (part of his right thumb was blown off three years ago), is among the top hitters in the league. Although "Beltin' " Bill Melton, the Sox' first home run champion ever, was lost to the team for the season seven weeks ago due to a back injury, still the Sox came on.

Just two seasons ago the White Sox had the worst record in the major leagues as well as the lowest attendance. This year only Detroit among American League teams is ahead of Chicago in home crowds. Exactly what form of miracle the White Sox are perpetrating no one can yet define, but climbing from 42 games behind a division winner to fighting for a championship in only 20 months is so remarkable it might be suspected that voodoo is afoot.

Others believe that there may be more involved in Chicago's rise, however, than mere run-of-the-mill hocus-pocus. Because of the team's outstanding record in White Sox Park (46-16) and its miserable showing on the road (21-32), some opponents feel that the Sox are once again utilizing the giant scoreboard in center field as a crow's nest from which to steal signs from visiting catchers and relay them to waiting hitters.

"No matter where the White Sox finish," says Frank Lane, general manager of the Milwaukee Brewers, "Chuck Tanner is the Manager of the Year. He swears by everything that is holy that his team is not getting the pitches from the scoreboard. Methinks he doth protest too much. If they aren't coming from there, they must be coming from another spot. The White Sox are hitting .265 at home

*continued*

and not a dollar and a quarter on the road. Dick Allen has 30 homers, and 23 of them have come at Sox Park. I know all about that scoreboard being used to help hitters. Hell, I was one of the men to originate that trick when I was the general manager in Chicago. We had Sherm Lollar catching for us then and his uniform number was 10. It would be posted on the scoreboard and we'd send Del Wilber up there with a pair of binoculars. If it was the sign for a fastball, Wilber would jiggle the one. If it was a curve, he'd jiggle the zero. Another time, we had a light in the bullpen and we'd blink it one time for the fastball and twice for the curve. We also had a buzzer in the dugout: one buzz for the fastball, two for the curve. I know it helps some hitters and not others, but I still feel that Chicago's home record compared to its road record is very interesting."

Tanner is a handsome, articulate 43-year-old generally regarded as one of the best organized managers to come into the major leagues in years. He is also a product of what might best be called "The Fred Haney Graduating Class of 1957." Tanner played under Haney at Milwaukee, and that team also produced current big-league Managers Del Crandall, Red Schoendienst, Eddie Mathews and Del Rice. Don McMahon, Warren Spahn and Lou Burdette are now coaches. (Joe Adcock, also a member of that team, managed the Cleveland Indians in 1967.) "I was just lucky enough to make the major leagues," Tanner says, "and I enjoyed every minute of it." Milwaukee brought Tanner up after he had played nine years in the minors, and he hit the first big-league pitch he ever saw for a home run. He played 396 games in the majors, finishing with a .261 average.

Things could not have been worse when Tanner returned to manage the Sox near the conclusion of the 1970 season. The team lost 106 games and drew 495,355 people that year. Together with Roland Hemond, who is presently Chicago's director of player personnel, Tanner had led Hawaii, a team of supposed troublemakers, to a Pacific Coast League pennant earlier in the same season. Sensing that both Tanner and Hemond were



*Workhorse Wood knuckles down to business on the way to his 21st victory of the season.*

unafraid of a little adversity, General Manager Stu Holcomb hired the two of them to take on the most troubled franchise of all.

"Many things about the White Sox had to be changed," says Holcomb. "We weren't selling many season tickets, and even the people who bought them couldn't give them away. We had a terrible image, and the Cubs were drawing big crowds on the North Side."

Another of Holcomb's moves was to hire Announcer Harry Caray. Caray brings to baseball the revivalist sounds of Marjoe as well as a wardrobe Mick Jagger might have worn—had he performed in the '30s. "Harry is one of those announcers you either love or despise," says Holcomb. "He gives everybody hell and there doesn't seem to be anything anybody can do about it."

Each Wednesday afternoon Caray takes his microphones into the centerfield bleachers to broadcast the game surrounded by an adoring audience constantly hounding him with questions. Last week Harry, sweating profusely, did his play-by-play in a pair of pink double-knit shorts, knee-length, black support hose, white shoes and—in the late innings—no shirt. One of the questions asked of him was why Dick Allen seems incapable of hitting a homer after nine p.m.

Of all the nonsensical baseball statistics in recent seasons, Allen and his Nine O'clock Shadow is one of the most absurd—and most fascinating. Allen's 30 home runs break down to 17 hit during day games, five at twilight and eight at night. Of those last eight, all have come prior to nine p.m., on his first or second times at bat. One evening last week he put on a fine display of his pre-nine p.m. prowess. The biggest night crowd in nine years, 42,001, jammed White Sox Park for Dick Allen Mug Night. Each youngster under 14 accompanied by an adult was given a plastic drinking cup with two pictures of Allen on it. As the real Allen mug made its first appearance at bat in the bottom of the first, the organist played *Jesus Christ Superstar* and the crowd roared. The Sox trailed Boston 1-0 at the time, but Chicago had two base runners. On the second pitch from Sonny Siebert, Allen pounded a majestically high home run over the fence in center field. The next time he came to bat it was still before nine p.m., and Siebert gave him a timely walk. For Allen, it was his 79th base on balls.

In the past few weeks Allen, who leads the American League with his 30 homers and 87 RBIs and ranks third in batting with a .313 average, has been moving in the direction of the triple crown won most recently by Carl Yastrzemski in 1967, Frank Robinson in 1966 and Mickey Mantle in 1956. "Dick Allen is the best player in the American League and maybe in all of baseball," says Tanner.

The manager also feels that the Cy Young Award should be voted to Wood, who has won 21 games to lead the majors. Over one stretch Wood started 10 games in 30 days and already he has pitched 286⅔ innings.

For years Wood struggled along in the Boston and Pittsburgh organizations with a fastball and a curve as his primary pitches. They were, quite plainly, not good enough. "I had fooled around with the knuckleball from time to time," he says. "Still I wouldn't use it as an out-pitch. I always wanted to know more about it. In the spring of 1966 I was one of the first men cut by the Pirates and thought about quitting baseball, but my wife encouraged me to try one more time. I went to Columbus, and the following fall the White Sox bought me. Eddie Stanky was managing the team at that time, and the first day of spring training he told me I was not going to start or be used in long relief, but work as the mop-up man. Hoyt Wilhelm was with the White Sox then and I went to him right away and asked him if he would explain more to me about the knuckler. We both gripped it the same way. He kept helping me and helping me and I began to build up confidence in it. Now I throw it maybe 80% of the time."

Unlike some knuckleball pitchers, Wood is able to get the pitch consistently over the plate. Last season he walked only one out of every 21 batters he faced. "I try to challenge the hitter with the knuckler," he says. "I get it over and if they are good enough to hit it, O.K. I'm not after a lot of strikeouts. The job is much easier when you can get the leadoff man with one pitch rather than stringing it out to 3 and 2."

Growing up in New England, Wood remembered when Warren Spahn and Johnny Sain, the present Sox pitching coach, worked with two days' rest. Because he is willing to do the same, the White Sox use basically a three-man starting rotation, with Stan Bahnsen and Tom Bradley following Wood. "I don't tell them they have to pitch with two days' rest. I ask them," says Tanner. "One of my theories of managing is that instead of having old, hard-line rules, you have 25 different rules for 25 different players. One of the biggest jobs a manager has is to keep the pressure off the players as much as he possibly can. The season is long, and it has to be fun to play the game well. Look, if a player makes a physical mistake I will never criticize him. When a pitcher hangs a curve and somebody hits a homer off him some managers will jump all over him. I find that style absurd. How could anyone think the guy wanted to give up the homer?

"I find it thrilling to watch major league players perform at their best. When Dick Allen digs into that batter's box it's just a world with Allen and the pitcher in it. The concentration and physical action is such that when Allen misses a pitch I often hear him screech with the effort he has put into swinging."

Chicago's resurgence comes at a time when the American League most needs it. In order for it to be able to compete for publicity and money with the National League, it needs vibrant franchises in New York and Chicago as well as in California. And the White Sox and their park have been sources of concern for a long time.

Back in 1967 and 1968 snipers picked two policemen off their motorcycles near the ball park and another sniper sprayed bullets at cars in the adjacent parking lot. Lights were installed outside the park to help deter crime, but the danger was as much imagined as real. According to a police survey compiled during the Sox' worst days, both Chicago Stadium, the usually jammed home of the Black Hawks and Bulls, and Wrigley Field, where the Cubs have drawn over a million fans for the fifth straight year, are located in higher crime areas than Sox Park. Word of mouth about the area plus a bad team drove attendance down to 390,000 in 1969, excluding the 11 home games they played in Milwaukee that year. The revival of the White Sox also is a revival for a baseball axiom: "Give the fans a winner and they will come out to see it." END

# THE KID HUSTLES TO A TITLE

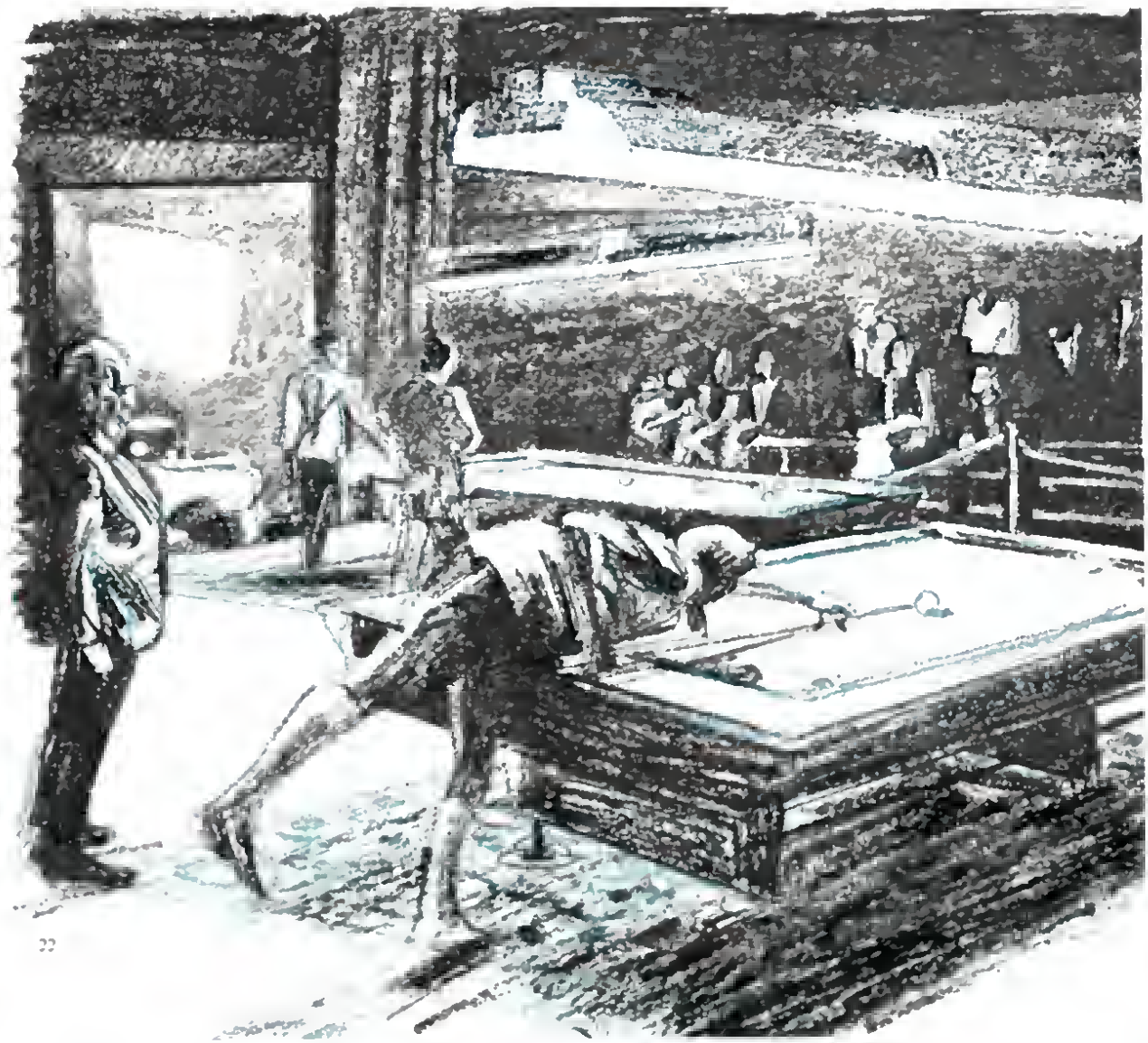
*Pool prodigy Jean Balukas, 13, breezed through the best women players to take the crown from 57-year-old Dorothy Wise* **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

One would suppose it to be a routine gathering of the forgotten, the forlorn, the wasted, the scorned. For they came to Chicago to play pool, a game that challenges dexterity, concentration and logic, but scarcely one's ranking on the social scale of sport. Pool. That wicked game of degenerates, no-accounts, grandmothers and little girls.

That's right, America, grandmothers and itsy-bitsy pretty girls. Granted, many of those who convened for the Billiard Congress of America's men and women's U.S. Open Pocket Billiards Championships didn't quite fit either description, having drifted in from the smoky, dank back rooms that are the soft underbelly and cursed heritage of the sport. But there also came the seed of future respectability, a new breed of players groomed on melon-colored tablecloths in bright, modern family lounges.

And what could be more respectable and reassuring than having as your women's defending champion a gracious 57-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Dorothy Wise, or as her challenger a shy 13-year-old moppet named Jean Balukas? Even the men were in the spirit of things. Their defending champ was a 27-year-old schoolteacher, Steve Mizerak. It made polo seem almost risque by comparison.

For years now the world has been hearing how pool was shedding its old, racy hustler's image and moving into its rightful niche as a popular and demanding sport. But acceptance in the headier reaches of suburbia has continued at a pace approximately equal to that of a man on his way to the IRS office. And



until wives can be assured that sending their husbands off for a night of shooting pool is somewhat safer than having them do odd jobs for the young widow down the street, the sport seems doomed to remain a furtive, nocturnal pastime.

Recognizing this, the BCA, an organization of billiard equipment manufacturers that hopes to promote pool as a pursuit as healthy as swimming, only less dangerous, increased the 1972 women's field from eight to 16 players and their prize money from $2,000 to $5,000. The organization also promoted the anticipated showdown between the old and the new, East and West, defense and offense and any other disparate terms they could find to describe the battle between Mrs. Wise of San Francisco and the challenger-prodigy, Miss Balukas of Brooklyn.

A pleasant, matronly woman given to wearing rhinestone brooches, earrings and silver-rimmed glasses while she plays, Mrs. Wise came to the tournament having lost only one other major event, the National Pro-Am in 1970. There she had been upset by Mrs. Gerry Titcomb, who was also in the Open field. Mrs. Wise, a widow since 1968, took up the game at the age of 30 after her husband brought her to an exhibition between Willie Hoppe and Welker Cochran. Instant addiction. From then on she helped her husband operate billiards parlors in the San Francisco area and began to perfect her own game.

Miss Balukas was no neophyte, having made her first pool shot at the age of four. She played in the U.S. Open when she was nine, winning two games, and last week came to Chicago with a string of 46 straight tournament games without a defeat.

Besides their skill with a cue, the women players had other qualities evident to the galleries that filled the Crystal Room of the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel for the five-day, double-elimination tournament. For beauty, there were Sandra Peters, an attractive blonde; Palmer Byrd, whose striking looks well might help land her the job she seeks in billiards public relations; and Jean Tomasello, who looked as if she belonged on a California beach. For brains, there was the thoughtful Miss Balukas, a straight-A student. For beauty *and* brains there was Donna Ries, a 24-year-old brunette who has a master's degree in clinical psychology and a swimsuit figure.

But the galleries had a certain style, too. The betting action was vigorous, which is not unusual for a pool setting. "It's no big thing getting a bet down in a poolroom," explained a leggy young blonde galleryite in hot pants and granny glasses. "You just ask the person next to you." To elaborate, she told how she had recently returned from a trip to the West Coast financed entirely by what she had called "farmers"—a breed of unwary competitors who mistook her gender for an indicator of her pool-playing skill. In "a cow town in Wyoming," she said, one of her victims threatened her with a pair of six-guns. A couple of nearby gallants jumped the troublemaker and took him outside for a thrashing, but the twice-beaten opponent came up for the third time, putting a few slugs through the poolroom door. "I threw down my stick and quit," she recalled disgustedly. "The rest of them went outside and beat on him some more."

Many of the women professionals are reputed as good gamblers. One who does not gamble is Mrs. Wise. She thinks that betting, along with smoking and drinking and not smiling at people, is evil. "So many of them try it and they wind up broke," says Dorothy. "You just take stock of these fellows, and then take a look at them 10 years from now and see where they are."

One who does wager on her break shots is Madelyn Whitlow, an erstwhile classical musician who is now given to playing cushions instead of the violin. She and her spouse, Alton, a man with the mannerisms of W. C. Fields, make a fine husband-wife team. Alton is also a professional and was among the 32 men who qualified for the Open this year. "People think that a pool hustler is immoral," said Mrs. Whitlow. "The fact is that anybody who goes up against a hustler is not pure either. He has a little larceny in his heart. I gamble to improve, and out of a certain amount of financial necessity."

Mrs. Whitlow was in trouble right from the start in Chicago. She was upset by Joyce Sykes of Trenton, N.J. in the first round. She moved into the loser's bracket, where she would need to win six straight to reach the finals. Mrs. Wise, despite being bothered by fuzzy eyes and arthritis in her hands, won her opening match as did the other favorites, Mrs. Titcomb and Miss Balukas.

"The kid," as Miss Balukas is called by her peers, was the compelling figure of the week—a taciturn, shy, freckle-faced girl who played with a set expression and little emotion. "Her main interest is baseball," explained her father, Albert, the owner of a billiards lounge and an eager, enthusiastic man who smiles readily when talking of his child.

There is an Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy quality to a conversation with Miss Balukas and her father. Perhaps because she is shy or cannot fathom why anyone would want to hear a 13-year-old girl's opinion of anything, Jean answers inquiries in monosyllables that are usually amplified and embellished by her father.

He will tell you how Jean finished second in a national junior bowling tournament when she was nine years old, rolling a 211 in one game. He will tell you how she can throw a curve with a

*continued*



baseball. He will tell you how she ran 38 balls while practicing pool at the age of 10. He will tell you how the boys at summer camp let Jean play in their all-star softball game and how she pitched and hit a triple to win the game. He will tell you how she has a repertoire of 15 trick shots and how he gives her half-dollars to reward practice.

"Tell the truth now, tell the truth," he says to Jean, who had been asked how often she practices pool. Then he says, "The actual practice is about a week before a tournament. In between that, it's baseball. For a girl, it isn't a game that they want to play. But being in the billiards business, I'd like to build it up so that they want to play.

"I'm going to start her in golf. She'd be a beautiful golfer. She hits the ball well for a girl. You even parred a par-4 hole once, remember?

"I always try to get her down to my place for practice, just to keep her in stroke. If she would practice like a true champion, no one could touch her today. But I don't like to force her to play because she's too young for that."

Because her father is so vocal, proud and always present, rumors persist that Jean hates pool and plays only to satisfy her parent's whims. "I don't approve of the whole situation," said a woman professional. "I know the girl pretty well and she doesn't want to play pool. She wants to play baseball. She's been forced into pool by her father."

Once last week Jean told a writer that she didn't "love" the game. She likes it. ("Don't mind me talking," quickly interjected her father. "She likes it at tournament time. When she wants to play in a tournament, she'll go down and practice.") Later, in a private moment, Jean said she enjoyed pool as much as any other sport and said her father did not push her toward the game. "They're all the same," she said. "I like them all. With pool, I've got a chance to be a world champion."

"If she doesn't want to play pool," says her father earnestly, "she doesn't have to play. I don't believe in that."

He further explained that the great Willie Moseom told him never to push his daughter. "Moseom had a daughter who played pool and he said he pushed her a little bit and now she won't pick up a stick."

Miss Balukas' chances for the world championship were threatened on the second day when she fell far behind Miss Byrd. When Miss Byrd ran into some bad luck, however, the 13-year-old rallied and won. "She's got the guts to shoot any shot," commented Donna Ries.

Watching women pool players, even good ones, is a tedious business. They often play safety shots because of poor position. "Like I don't know how to play position," admitted Jean Balukas. "It seems like men can think a couple of balls ahead." Consequently, the men are able to run more than 100 balls on occasion, while the best women are happy to run 20 (men play 150-out games, women only 75). Mrs. Wise once ran 82 balls in a match game but she admits that it has been over a year since she ran even 50 in practice.

"Men have been in the poolroom for 100 years," points out Madelyn Whitlow. "Women are still new to it. It's a little early for them to play as well as men, but I think they could. You don't need strength. You have to have a good mind. You have to have a lot of concentration and you have to have coordination. There's a future for women in pool, and right now we're at the point where it's just beginning."

Mrs. Whitlow's future, dim after that first-day upset, kept getting brighter as the tournament progressed. Not so for Mrs. Wise, who alternated taking off and putting on her glasses as she looked for a solution to her ragged play. Against Mrs. Titcomb, Mrs. Wise was helpless, losing 75-32. "My game isn't as strong as it used to be," she said. "I knew that before I came." She looked fatigued from the effects of several personal appearances she made during the week.

Mrs. Wise told how she had undergone acupuncture treatment by a Chinese physician in San Francisco twice in recent weeks to relieve an attack of bursitis in her shoulder. "Some people back home didn't even want me to come here because they didn't want me to get beat. But I don't feel that way. If you get beat, you come back and try again next year."

The next day, against the tenacious Mrs. Whitlow, Mrs. Wise put on another shallow imitation of her true game and was eliminated. "You don't know how much I'm going to play next year," she vowed. "I guess I'm going to have to move to the East Coast so I can play more tournaments."

Meanwhile, Jean Balukas was slicing through the competition like a pigeon's cue stick through a felt tabletop. She beat Donna Ries, running 12 balls and out at the end of the match, and topped Mrs. Titcomb on Friday, breaking out to a 40-8 lead and coasting. At one point, she ran 20 balls. "Now they have to beat me two games," she said.

Nobody beat her even one. The finals in the loser's bracket matched Mrs. Whitlow and Mrs. Titcomb for the somewhat dubious honor of facing Miss Balukas for first place. Mrs. Whitlow moved

*continued*

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*Joyce Sykes sizes up the situation in her match against ultimate runner-up Madelyn Whitlow*


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ahead, rallying after Mrs. Titcomb had built an early lead, and won 75-69.

Over in the men's division, Mizerak was right where he should have been, too—undefeated going into the final round. But Mizerak's crown set shakily for a time. Danny DiLiberto of Miami, who relishes living by his wits and cue stick, made a series of fantastic shots in *the first game and pinned Mizerak's first* loss on him. But the showdown game, when each player had a loss apiece, proved to be hardly a contest. Mizerak scored runs of 37 and 87 on his way to a 150-18 victory and his third straight Open title.

Earlier in the day Miss Balukas realized the culmination of a dream that dawned for her father almost a decade ago. The teen-ager opened her match against Mrs. Whitlow by playing a safety shot on the break. On her first turn, Madelyn tried to cut the one-ball into the corner pocket, missed, and Miss Balukas was rolling. And rolling. She broke to a 70-16 lead by running off as many balls as she could, then playing safety shots when she encountered poor table position. "By the time I got my bearings," Mrs. Whitlow recalled later, "the game was too far gone to salvage."

Mrs. Whitlow has made dramatic improvement in her game the last two years, and she was not about to give up in the Open finals. She took to playing safety shots herself, hoping to lure Miss Balukas into fouling three consecutive times, which would have penalized her 15 points. Indeed, the youngster did become unnerved at one point, and Mrs. Whitlow, playing safe 13 times in her final 24 turns on the table, made up a little ground. Then Miss Balukas found an opening, ran off six balls and had an easy shot on the nine-ball in the side pocket to win. The crowd gasped when she missed. Mrs. Whitlow tried a shot, missed, and then her opponent put away the victory by stroking the seven-ball straight into the corner pocket.

As the crowd rose and applauded the improbable ascension of a 13-year-old girl to a world's championship, Miss Balukas stood mute and awkward. "I felt like I was going to cry," she said.

In a nearby chair, Dorothy Wise smiled as she watched the young champion, 44 years her junior, assume the throne. That rustling sound was the curtain parting as youth entered the hall. END


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# THE DEUCE WITH LOVE AND ADVANTAGE

**That Rolls-Royce rebel, James Van Alen, wants to save yacht racing, baseball, bustards, Dondar and Blitzan and the U.S. Navy, but most of all he wants to save his beloved tennis** ***by ROBERT H. BOYLE***

By his own definition, James Henry Van Alen, a millionaire sportsman of 69 who looks like a cherub, is "a busy little body." He has been called "the first gentleman of Old Guard society in America" and "Newport's last *grand homme*," and, given his money and position, Van Alen could have been just another social gadabout, but he is driven by an almost manic spirit of *noblesse oblige*. In his efforts to make the world a better place than he found it, Van Alen has espoused the cause of Santa Claus, put up the money to rescue the journals of James Boswell from Malahide Castle in Ireland, edited the *North American Review*, rejuvenated the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Club in New York, saved the landmark Newport Casino, collected the greater bustard and other rare Iberian birds for the American Museum of Natural History and promoted the reformation of scoring in tennis with such fervor that he was recently given a new sobriquet, "the Rolls-Royce radical."

Of all his interests, Van Alen is most intense about tennis. A tournament player in his younger days, he says, "I don't want you to think I'm a nut, but tennis established me *on my own*." As far as Van Alen is concerned, millions upon millions of people should be playing tennis regularly, but in his opinion the sport will never achieve the great popularity it deserves as long as matches drag on and the scoring is obscured with terms such as "love" and "deuce," pseudoarchaic words imposed on tennis, Van Alen says, by the English in 1873.

In line with this Van Alen, who turns out verse on any subject that engages him, has written a poem, *The Facts of Love*, which goes in part:

> The French think English crazy
> For the way they score at tennis
> To claim that 'love' means nothing
> To a Frenchman makes no sennis.
> "Love all" the English umpire cries,
> And means a double zero;
> What more's required to prove
> The English thinking's out of gear-o?
>
> It's true that 'l'oeuf' means 'egg' in French,
> And sounds like 'love' in English;



But Frenchmen claim a moron
should
Be able to distinguish,
For love is love the world around
And zero's always zero,
And they who claim they mean the
same
Must be a trifle queer-o.

To reform tennis Van Alen has thought up the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System, known as VASSS. In VASSS zero replaces the term love, and deuce and advantage are eliminated entirely. Briefly put, individual games are simply scored one, two, three instead of 15, 30, 40, and the game goes to the first player who wins four points. Should players be tied 6-6 in games, they then play a nine-point sudden death with the set going to the player who first scores five points. By using VASSS, no match can last longer than about an hour and 10 minutes or, as Van Alen puts it, "Just *about as long as I care to watch people* play tennis."

As the result of devising VASSS, Van Alen is convinced that his name will go down in history. "Pasteur pasteurized milk, I will VASSSify tennis," he says. His Humber touring car has Rhode Island plates that proclaim VASSS, and for a brief while he even considered changing the name of his Newport cottage, Avalon, one of four residences he maintains in the U.S. and Europe, to VASSSalon, but thought better of it. When Van Alen can't use VASSS to, excuse the word, advantage, he goes around marking everything with his family initials, an intertwined VA. Thus the towels in Van Alen's bathroom look as though they had been stolen from the Veterans Administration, and the VA that he attached to the hood of his Rolls-Royce, in place of the figure of the lady, made his Rolls dealer apoplectic. The dealer complained that Van Alen was making the Rolls look like a Volkswagen. In his spare time, Van Alen designs jewelry with a VA motif for his wife Candy, who says, "I love to have Jimmy doodle in gold or diamonds or whatever."

Tennis is not the only sport that Van Alen would reform. Indeed, he has so many ideas about other sports that he is thinking of going into business as VASSS Inc., Spectator Sports Specialist. "I'm going to look at any game from the point of view of the spectator," he says. "People want blood! Out at Forest Hills, people get blood with sudden death. If I go to a baseball game I want to see runs made, hits made, action! They've lowered the mound. That's not enough! I'd like to see ball games won 28-27!" To accomplish this Van Alen would move the pitcher's rubber back five feet—"The pitcher in baseball was supposed to put the ball into play, not end it with a strikeout"—and have the ball slightly softened. Van Alen has little regard for home runs. He finds no excitement in the ball soaring over the fence, but doubles and triples are the very stuff of blood to him. To make sure that batters hit slews of doubles and triples with the softened ball, Van Alen would do away with the centerfielder and the shortstop.

Yacht racing is another sport Van Alen deems in need of reform, particularly the America's Cup which, he says, is "*deader than Admiral Nelson's left* arm." Van Alen's low opinion of the cup races stirs up Newport, especially when he endorses Ring Lardner's idea of taking the yachts to the Niagara River and starting the race 100 yards above the falls. As Van Alen sees it, no foreign yacht ever has a chance because of the U.S. edge in hull design and sailmaking. To make the cup truly a test of seamanship, he proposes competing crews swap boats after each race.

For a supposed radical in sports, Van Alen has impeccable credentials. He was captain of the lawn tennis team at Cambridge, a well-known amateur player in the 1920s, thrice U.S. court tennis champion in the '30s, and nowadays holds the presidencies of both the Newport Casino and the National Lawn Tennis Hall of Fame as well as membership in such plush clubs as Piping Rock, Racquet and Tennis, River, Knickerbocker and Spouting Rock in this country and Buck's and the Bath in England. Knowing everyone in the Establishment, he has the contacts and the time and energy to do "my yammering, squawking and shouting" about VASSS practically nonstop. If Van Alen can't corner a sympathetic audience in person to extol the merits of VASSS he relies on the telephone, and he calls with such frequency that the numbers and letters have disappeared from the dial faces of the phones in his Fifth Avenue apartment.

On occasion Van Alen will even take to his car and hunt for someone to talk to about VASSS. A couple of years ago he stopped at the home of a sportswriter on his day off. The writer was not there, but his wife was. "That's all right, I'll wait," Van Alen announced cheerfully, and he thereupon sat himself down at the piano for three hours, playing and singing songs of his own composition. All his life Van Alen has reveled in poetry and song. One of his earliest recollections is standing at attention with his father's letter opener for a sword and reciting *How Well I Remember the Days of '61*. Van Alen has a great interest in the Civil War; his great grandfather and namesake, Brigadier General James Henry Van Alen, raised and equipped the Third New York Volunteer Cavalry and served on the staff of Fighting Joe Hooker. "Fighting Joe Hooker. His name more than described certain *interests*," Van Alen *mused recently* before plunging into his own poem *Pickett's Charge*. His favorite poem by another author is Clement C. Moore's *A Visit from St. Nicholas*. As a boy Van Alen always thought that the poem ended too soon, and moreover, he worried that Father, who is standing by the open window as the poem closes, would catch cold, and to rectify this he has written additional verses in which Father climbs back into bed and pulls "the covers right up to my head. . . . My heart full and happy, my cap pulled on tight, I settled myself for the rest of the night."

Every Christmas Van Alen dresses up in a velvet Victorian suit to read *A Visit from St. Nicholas* to youngsters at Clement Moore's old home in Newport. As president of the House of Santa Claus Society, Van Alen has hopes of buying the Moore place and setting it aside as a Museum of Santa Clausiana replete with stalls for Donder and Blitzen and the rest of the reindeer. This Christmas Eve he would like to read *A Visit from St. Nicholas* in the White House. The idea is not farfetched. An ardent Republican, Van Alen composed and sang the song *Good Evening, Mr. President* at Eisenhower's first inaugural ball. It begins:

The country, Mr. President, is sure
that you will keep

*continued*

Our people freedom minded, and
not governmental sheep.
'Bang!' goes inflation; corruption's
on the run.
Before you've really started, the
whole free world is shouting,
Well done!

Ever on the go, Van Alen is the last man to shirk a challenge. "If you don't risk in depth, you can never reach in height," he says. Even so, he occasionally comes a cropper. Back in the 1950s Van Alen decided to bring to the U.S. the European robin, a bird he fell in love with as a child after reading *The Death and Burial of Cock Robin* and *The Babes in the Wood*. He imported three robins from Belgium and put them in a specially constructed "Robin Room" in the basement of his house in Washington, where he was then serving as an Eisenhower appointee on the Selective Service Commission. Van Alen built the Robin Room "so I could have little ones," but no little ones were forthcoming, since all three turned out to be males. A year later, Van Alen took the robins to Newport and released them. "It was autumn," he recalls. "I said, 'Goodby, little robins.' 'Goodby,' they said." As much as Van Alen loves robins, it is doubtful he will ever try the experiment again, since federal authorities have warned him that introduction of exotic birds is prohibited by law.

Born in Newport, Van Alen is of old New York stock with Astor and Vanderbilt blood in his veins. Raised in both the U.S. and England, he spent a good part of his childhood alone, tended by servants. At Rushton Hall, his grandfather's 4,000-acre estate in Northamptonshire, a groom in top hat, cutaway and butcher boots was assigned to take Master James, wearing white breeches and a white cockade in his hat, pony riding every day. Since Van Alen's mother was fearful that the pony might run away with her son, the groom was instructed to go alongside with a lead. "I would say, 'Trot, George, trot!'" says Van Alen. "He would say, 'Yes, Master James.' I had no idea the man was being degraded." Inasmuch as Master James spoke with an American accent in Britain and a British accent here, he found himself challenged to fights until his father's valet, John Dono, taught him to defend himself. As a result, whenever Master James met a new youngster, he would shoot out a clenched fist beneath the boy's nose and shout fiercely, "Smell this!" Van Alen's combative nature occasionally surges to the fore even now. Several years ago, while serving as a linesman in a match at Newport, Van Alen jumped to his feet after Pancho Gonzales angrily hit a ball over the Casino roof while playing VASSS tennis. Van Alen went straight up to Gonzales and told him in no uncertain words that such behavior would not be tolerated. Gonzales backed off, muttering.

Looking back on his childhood, Van Alen finds his upbringing of immense value. "Having been brought up in the servants' hall, I know the servant's mind," he says. "I know all the waiters and the people who play in bands. Whenever I arrive at a party and Meyer Davis' band sees me, they stop and play *My Shining Hour*. My theme song, a wonderful song. The words are right, and the melody has that warmth."

After attending preparatory school in England, Van Alen was supposed to go to Eton, his father's public school, but the start of World War I caught Van Alen in the U.S. and he was sent off to St. George's in Newport and then to the Lake Placid School. Summers were spent at Newport, where he took up lawn tennis under the tutelage of Craig Biddle, the father of a friend. When Van Alen proved adept, Biddle suggested that he enter the juniors at Forest Hills. However, Van Alen's father refused to let him go. "What!" he exclaimed. "Send James down to a place like *that* to play scallawags!"

In 1920 Van Alen went to England where he enrolled at Christ College, Cambridge. Not knowing any of the other students, he discovered, to his pleasure and surprise, that tennis opened the way for him. "This game was my passport," Van Alen says. "Tennis made a life for me. James Van Alen—my name was on boards. I became captain of the Cambridge lawn tennis team. I became a personality." The student magazine, *The Granta*, described Van Alen as "a considerable personage who shines in any society . . . if America has any more James Henry's, let's have 'em."

With his stylish placement game Van Alen captained an Oxford-Cambridge team that beat Harvard and Yale at Eastbourne. This was at the height of what Van Alen calls "my great period, my lawn tennis period." He went to Wimbledon and the south of France where he once was to play doubles with King Gustav of Sweden, "but then," he says, "I fell off a battleship—a British battleship, where there are no problems with getting brandy." In between tennis seasons Van Alen indulged in shooting and stalking, both still passions. (Van Alen's wife Candy, who is fond of traveling, says, "I know I can get him to go if there's something to shoot.")

Returning to the U.S. he and his younger brother Sam almost beat Bill Tilden and Frank Hunter at Newport, losing the third set 7–5. "No dinner parties were on time that night," Van Alen says. When he realized he was not going to be the greatest tennis player in the world, he gave up competing in the sport, and when he married his first wife, Eleanor Langley, he even stopped going to Newport because she hated it. His wife's family were very horsey, and with his usual zest Van Alen rode to hounds and played polo. But horses could never take the place of racket sports. Under the guidance of World Champion Pierre Etchebaster, the court tennis professional at the Racquet and Tennis Club, he took up the intricacies of that sport. He won the U.S. championship in 1933, 1938 and 1940. "Jimmy had beautiful classic strokes," says Allison Danzig, who covered court tennis for *The New York Times*. "I wouldn't say he was the best amateur who ever lived in this country, but he was a very smart player who got the most out of his abilities." In 1954 Van Alen persuaded clubs in Philadelphia, New York and Boston to let Princeton, Yale and Harvard students practice the game so they could compete against an Oxford-Cambridge combine for a cup Van Alen found in a secondhand shop in London. The matches are now held every two years with Van Alen usually on hand to present the trophy.

When not off sporting somewhere, Van Alen, his wife and their two sons lived mainly on Long Island, where he busied himself with the *North American Review* and a chain of weekly newspapers. Sensing war was coming, he joined the Navy in 1939 and was commissioned a lieutenant in the reserve. Called to duty in 1941, he was first put in charge of the Navy's New York publicity of-

fice, where he was responsible for getting William H. White of *The Reader's Digest* to write the bestseller *They Were Expendable*. Later Van Alen served in England, where he came up with the idea of preloading ships for the Normandy invasion. After Normandy he ran a novel rest and rehabilitation camp in which he personally led the men on a mile run at six every morning. Throughout the war Van Alen carried on with his customary flair. When an enterprising fellow officer found himself suddenly billed £50,000 for the construction of a sailors' club in London, Van Alen used his Old Boy friendships with the British to see to it that the bill was charged off against Lend Lease.

Returning home, Van Alen found his marriage had gone sour, and he and his wife were divorced. In 1948 he married again, this time to the front page headline in *The New York World-Telegram* CANDY VANDERLIP TIPTOEING TO ALTAR WITH JIMMY VAN ALEN A LA HUSH HUSH. Unlike the first Mrs. Van Alen, Candy liked Newport and got along famously with her husband's mother, Mrs. Louis Bruguière, who ran Wakehurst, the last "proper" house in Newport, staffed by 23 servants who piled up freshly cut flowers grown on the grounds in the ballroom lit by 146 candles.

Early on in his second life in Newport, Van Alen was asked to take the presidency of the lavish Newport Casino, a private club founded by James Gordon Bennett in 1880 and designed by Stanford White in Victorian Chinese style. The Casino had seen better days before World War I, when it annually held the U.S. national lawn tennis championships, later removed to Forest Hills. At great personal expense Van Alen set about refurbishing the Casino and in 1954 he was able to get the USLTA to authorize the establishment of the Hall of Fame there.

Under Van Alen's direction, the Newport invitational tournament took on added gloss. His mother would attend, seated either in a peacock wicker chair or in the back of her chauffeured Rolls parked within a few feet of the grass courts. It took several years for the germinal seeds of VASSS to sprout within Van Alen's brain. He first had a clue that all was not well when he realized that a number of people who had been buying boxes for years hadn't the foggiest idea of what was going on in a match because they did not understand the scoring and were too timid to ask. Then matches had a way of dragging on interminably. In 1957 the idea for changing the scoring hit Van Alen when there was a marathon singles final between Ham Richardson and Straight Clark. A dull match to begin with, it lasted 3½ hours, and as a result no one ever got to see the exciting doubles final between Lew Hoad–Ken Rosewall and Mervyn Rose–Rex Hartwig, who were forced to play on a side court.

VASSS offers various alternatives. Instead of playing games to make a set, one system allows players to compete in a 31-point set, something like table tennis, and as far as Van Alen is concerned, it makes handicapping simple and practicable and permits round-robin medal play that is ideal for club weekend tournaments. Above all, VASSS controls the number of points in a set and thus limits the length of a match, enabling players, spectators and TV programmers to plan an accurate time schedule. Van Alen is convinced that once big-time tennis fully adopts VASSS, the sport will become more popular than ever because matches will be able to start and finish at the time announced. Above all, Van Alen believes VASSS will allow fellow senior citizens to play a match to a conclusion without suffering undue fatigue.

Van Alen also feels strongly about the big serve. He is against it on the grounds that it makes matches dull with its weak return and smashing volley. To minimize the importance of the power serve, Van Alen advocates drawing a server's line three feet behind the baseline or eliminating the second serve. This idea has not gone down as well as his concept of sudden-death play in a set. Even there, he finds that the pros have altered sudden death from nine to 12 points. "The other players have gone along with Rod Laver and 12-point sudden death," says Van Alen. "A 12-point sudden death favors Laver in the percentages, but all the other players have jumped up and down like a lot of little monkeys shouting, 'Woo, woo!'"

This week the women on the Virginia Slims tour are using VASSS—the *real* VASSS—at their Newport tournament, and while Van Alen waits impatiently for the rest of the tennis world to fall in line he has embarked on an even more ambitious program—saving all the U.S., including tennis players. A newly dedicated member of the Committee to Unite for America, he has been instrumental in getting out buttons and bumper stickers that proclaim, "For America." Van Alen wants to organize the "sound-thinking majority to rebuild patriotism and armaments" because, in his opinion, "The chips are down, our backs are to the wall, the fight is for survival. Time is short. Dr. Edward Teller told a meeting of the committee that the Russians will be able to overwhelm us in just two years unless we build up our strength and, moreover, we are threatened by dissidents with unkempt locks and shoddy habits who foment strikes and campus disorders. We've got to get back to the good old days."

Several months ago Van Alen tried to do his best by his old service, the Navy, in his For America campaign. He went to Washington to call upon John Chafee, a Rhode Islander who was then Secretary of the Navy. As Chafee and a Navy captain and commander listened, Van Alen offered his program to get sailors into fighting trim. As part of the program, he recommended the installation of chinning bars aboard ships at sea so sailors could strengthen their grips. "Nobody cares about good strong hands," Van Alen told them. The captain and the commander pointed out, with deferential hems and haws, that Van Alen's program would cost considerable money and time to get it underway, and it really wouldn't be worthwhile. "But this will be for the officers, too," Van Alen replied. And no sooner had he said that than he realized he had lost his audience, such as it was.

No matter whether he is saving the U.S. or tennis, Van Alen refreshes his morale with purely personal projects. At present he is trying to find a publisher to bring out his odes to Scotland, *Songs of Heather, Fur and Feather*, illustrated, at his commission, by Lionel Edwards, the late British sporting artist. It has, Van Alen says, some memorable poems, such as *Little Hans, the Partridge Hound*. Uncharacteristically, Van Alen refuses to recite it. "Whenever I read this, I burst into tears," Van Alen says. But then, smiling cheerfully, he leans close and asks, "But what's a tear or two?" END

# BUZZ BEFORE THE CURTAIN

by Jerry Kirshenbaum

Chill rains splattered against Munich's mind-boggling $60 million Olympic tent roof last week, leaving bundled-up visitors to wonder whether this might not actually be the Winter Games that were about to start. But no amount of harsh weather—or controversy—could dim Chancellor Willy Brandt's hope that the athletic spotlight would illuminate a "new and different Germany." Munich's broad boulevards and cobbled alleys were dressed up with Olympic banners that managed to appear festive even in the rain, while the city's steeply gabled buildings glistened with fresh paint. One of the few places that still seemed austere was the grand but antiquated Vier Jahreszeiten Hotel, where Avery Brundage was staying.

Preparations for the Games of the XXth Olympiad had been predictably thorough, but some sort of New Germany, if not necessarily the one Brandt spoke of, was indicated by a few lapses in Teutonic efficiency. In the crush of traffic at nearby Riem airport, Lufthansa was proving just as skilled at misplacing baggage as any U.S. airline, and security arrangements among the competitors who moved daily into the Olympic Village went awry. Because of faulty latches on ID badges, a brisk market was developing in lost and stolen credentials. Then there were the ubiquitous press information booths, all of them linked to three Siemens computers. These were being fed 500 million pieces of data, and journalists' queries about Olympians—birthplaces, hobbies and the like—were happily answered by *Fräuleins* primly buttoned up in dirndls of Bavarian blue. Eager as the hostesses were to oblige, their computers were not programmed to respond to the most pressing question of all—the threatened boycott by African blacks.

The boycott movement came as almost a ritual reminder of the political impact of the Olympics, but the Munich Games otherwise stood, as they were meant to, in sharp contrast with the last ones held on German soil, the pageant that Hitler staged for his own glorification in 1936. For the money—$650 million—Munich has itself the most computerized, televised and technologically innovative Olympics ever. Races on the artificially surfaced track will be timed not with stopwatches but photo-finish cameras, and for the shotput and other throwing events tape measures have been rendered obsolete by triangular infra-red prism rays that do the job from afar.

These wonders will unfold only when the competition begins, but crowds of sightseers were already enjoying the parklike landscaping that has blossomed on the old Munich airstrip and war-rubble dump. As for the buildings, the object was to achieve human rather than heroic proportions. One result is the pancake-shaped Olympic stadium, which seats a cozy 48,000—with standing room for another 32,000—and is discreetly sunk in the ground.

The unifying landmark of the Olympic site is the free-form cable-and-acrylic glass roof gracefully suspended above sections of the main stadium, sports hall and swimming arena. The roof, its price tag exceeding that of the entire Rome Olympics of 1960, is supposed to reduce glare for color TV. German ath-

letes who ran in the stadium a couple of weeks ago complained that the roof created problems of heat and wind, but U.S. trackmen had not yet competed there and their opinions were therefore of the purely esthetic sort expressed by Sprinter Eddie Hart, who said, "This place is just out of sight."

As time passed, doubts were raised whether Hart or many other black athletes would stay around to enjoy it. The threatened boycott was directed at white-governed Rhodesia, which last competed in 1964 under the British crown. After Rhodesia's break with Britain in 1965, a U.N. squeeze on passports effectively kept the country out of the Mexico City Games in 1968. South Africa, too, was barred, but by the IOC itself after a threatened boycott by black African and Communist-bloc countries.

South Africa remains an Olympic outlaw, but Rhodesia, which has blacks on its national team, was okayed by the IOC last September in a compromise proposed by black African representatives. *The Rhodesians could compete,* as they had in 1964, if they came as British subjects. Apparently, the black Africans felt the Rhodesians would refuse to be identified as British, but that assumption proved wrong when a 44-member team, including six black trackmen, arrived at the Olympic Village and ran up the old Southern Rhodesian flag while a band played *God Save the Queen.* Ossie Plaskitt, chief of the Rhodesian delegation, considers the terms of the September agreement fulfilled. "We came here as sportsmen," he said from the complex in the village that Rhodesia shared in virtual isolation with Portugal. "We have no distinction in sport whether a man is pink, white or red."

None of this satisfied the governments of black Africa, which started issuing the ultimatum. If Rhodesia competed they would withdraw. After Kenya and Ethiopia joined in, blacks on the U.S. track team pledged somewhat ambiguously to take a "united stand with our African brothers." American officials, claiming that reporters chasing the story were "molesting and harassing" athletes, urged the German organizers to ban the press from the Olympic Village but later okayed a statement to the IOC asking for a reappraisal of Rhodesia's status. Meanwhile, American, African and Caribbean blacks traveled 65 miles to a pre-Olympic meet in the quiet Bavarian town of Kempten, then staged a dress rehearsal for the Olympics by refusing to compete when the Rhodesians came onto the track.

The press and U.S. officials alike singled out Lee Evans, world-record holder and Olympic champion at 400 meters and a veteran of the turbulent '68 Games, as the ringleader of the American blacks, but Evans preferred the role of soldier to general. "I don't want to make any individual comment," he said. "This is a unity thing." Unity was also the theme of Motsapi Moorosi, the only Olympic athlete from the tiny African kingdom of Lesotho. "I'll be broken-hearted if I can't compete," said the one-man team, who was attracting attention in Munich because of his shaved skull and raspberry-colored *kobo,* a native shawl. "I've been away from my wife and kids, training, for three months. But I cannot be the only black African to run. If the others go, I must, too."

The pivotal country was Kenya. As the continent's No. 1 athletic power, its *withdrawal could easily start a chain reaction,* and President Jomo Kenyatta vowed to pull his athletes out if Rhodesia stayed. Kenyatta is a proud, headstrong man, as is the 84-year-old Brundage, who accused the black African governments of "interfering" with their Olympic teams in violation of IOC rules. There the matter stood. The black Africans, through last September's miscalculation, had brought on much of the trouble themselves, but Rhodesia's reversion to colonial status for athletic purposes only could not have been more transparent. As a sports writer for the *Rhodesian Herald* put it, "You can be sure most of our men don't give a damn about the Union Jack."

A boycott would play havoc with many events, and the competition has enough questions already without the added uncertainty. The Americans, for example, are wondering whether they might be on the upswing at last in sports like water polo, fencing and perhaps even soccer. Conversely, there was concern about sports Americans traditionally dominate. Fears were again being raised that the U.S. basketball team, tall but young, might finally lose a game.

The U.S. and the Soviet Union should win the most medals, as usual, but considering its population—only 17 million—the real Olympic power will almost certainly be East Germany. The prospect that West Germany's elaborate production might wind up as a showcase for its bitterest foe could be embarrassing, but until the 5,000 doves are released—and with them the emotions of the multitudes—at Saturday's opening ceremonies, the organizers will have enough other topics to dwell on. Besides fretting about the threatened boycott, German officials were waging a *Dirnenkrieg*—whore war—to rid Munich of prostitutes during the Games, a campaign that was said would at least help preserve the amateur character of the Olympics.



**Motsapi Moorosi, an Olympian from Lesotho, said he'd support a boycott.**

Then there is the business of the "new and different Germany." It might have been this preoccupation that caused some *Munchner* to react as if it were a national disgrace when souvenir hunters began filching Olympic banners. Remorse got to some of the thieves, and one wrote the newspaper *Abendzeitung* offering to return five stolen banners "with best regards to the Olympic Committee." The note directed police to a locker in Munich's central railroad station, where the flags were found—unsoiled and neatly folded.

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continued

# EXPERIENCE MAY NOT BE NECESSARY

## by Pat Putnam

At 4:45 p.m. on Saturday, Aug. 26, an 18-year-old West German police cadet named Günter Zahn, a lad, it is said, chosen because of his unusually graceful running style, will carry the Olympic torch—the flaming three-pound, butane-fueled baton of a 3,470-mile relay that began four weeks ago in the rubble that once was the temple of Zeus at Olympia—into the magnificent Munich Stadium, and the 1972 Olympic Games will begin. Five days later, with the call for the women's long jump, the U.S. will unleash its youngest and most inexperienced track and field team ever and, well, hope for the best. Gloomy predictions have been heaped upon pessimistic prophecies and the overwhelming consensus is that the talented youngsters will be hurned by their competitive naivete. "Yeah, I've heard all that junk," snaps Steve Prefontaine, 21, our brightest and brashest hope in the 5,000-meter run. "And I may get beat by some 30-year-old Russian—but only if he's *faster*, not because he's *older*."

If the measure of our team truly is international experience and not past performances, then, yes, we'll be in trouble. Apparently, the experts figure it this way: a West German gains more experience by running so-so races in Oslo, Helsinki and Moscow than, say, a youngster from Coos Bay, Ore. who turns in extraordinary performances in Des Moines, Bakersfield and Los Angeles. For example, Russia's Valery Borzov is the better for running a 10-flat 100 in Moscow against 10.2 competition, while Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson of the U.S. are none the better for running world-record-tying 9.9s in Eugene, Ore. against their compatriots—who were pushing them with 10-flats. Does racing against an Ethiopian make a man quicker than if he were facing a dude from Texas Southern? Perhaps. But, as in the past, the mystique of international competition will most likely be shown to belong in the same bag with the legend of Pelops, a Greek who won not because he was internationally seasoned but because he bribed a rival charioteer to throw the race.

"This thing could go either way for our kids," says Bill Toomey, the 1968 decathlon gold medalist. "It's not a question of talent. We have as much or more than ever. But the average age of all that talent is only 25 years, and only 15 of our 65-man team have any previous Olympic experience. There just aren't enough veterans around to hold the kids together. We had them in 1968, and it helped. A lot of these kids came out of the Trials thinking that if they could beat pressure like that, they could beat anything. In Munich they'll feel pressure they never thought could exist. In 1968 I almost went home before the decathlon started. But if we get off to a quick start, the team could get hot. If one of the kids wins early, then the rest will think, 'Heck, he did it and so can I.' If something like that starts, it will be beautiful to watch. For us."

With the 5,000 as one of the last events, Steve Prefontaine will have plenty of time to assay the effect of Olympic pressure on his teammates. No matter how it goes, it is doubtful if it will alter the attitude of the supercocky junior from the University of Oregon. Last year he was beaten only once—in a mile—and this year he broke his American record in the 5,000 for the second time during the Olympic Trials. In Oslo earlier this month, he ran a 1,500—not his race—in 3:38.3 (the equivalent of a 3:56 mile), his fastest ever, finishing second to Finland's Pekka Vasala. "I was just running to get the carbon out of my system," he said. Then he growled: "Now there's a 3,000 race tomorrow, and these guys will pay for today's loss." They paid. Pre won in 7:44.2, 1.6 seconds under his American record, and left such international stalwarts as Dick Quax of New Zealand, Spain's Mariano Haro and Francesco Arese of Italy far behind.

But these will not be the runners he will face in the 5,000 at Munich. There they likely will be Great Britain's David Bedford and Ian Stewart, Australia's Tony Benson, Finland's newest sensation, Lasse Viren, Ethiopian Merutse Yifter—and West Germany's Harald Norpoth, who buried Prefontaine two years ago at Stuttgart. With such a field, plus such doubtful performers as Finland's Juha Vaatainen, the European 5,000 and 10,000 champion, and Ben Jipcho of Kenya, who are nursing injuries, the 5,000 promises to be the best race of the Games.

"I was *really* young when I raced Norpoth, and he smoked me," admits Pre. "He sat on my back for 11 laps and then just blew me off the track. But I learned. If he thinks the same thing is going to happen in Munich, I've got news for him."

If the race goes as Prefontaine and Dave Bedford plan, the pace will be blistering from the beginning, and the question will be whether the pair can withstand the crushing kicks of Norpoth and Viren. "A lot of people run a race to see who is fastest," says Prefontaine. "I run to see who has the most guts, who can punish himself into an exhausting pace, and then at the end who can punish himself even more. Nobody is going to win the gold medal after running an easy first two miles. Not with me. If I lose forcing the pace all the way, well, at least I can live with myself. But if it's a slow pace, and I get beaten by a kicker who leaches off the front, then I'll always wonder, 'What if . . .?' Right now I'd say we'd go out in world-record pace for the first couple of miles—and then I'll turn it on, start destroying people. If anybody wants to beat me, let them run a world record."

Prefontaine's fellow charger, Bedford, is a shaggy-haired 22-year-old phys ed student who lives in North London and, at the moment, is being investigated by the International Olympic Committee because his name and picture were used to advertise a newspaper article about the Olympics. It is a typically absurd charge, but the prim IOC rules prohibit an athlete from directly or indirectly allowing his name or photograph to be used for advertising purposes.

Something of a competitive chameleon, Bedford turns in staggering performances at home but seemingly loses something once off British soil. For example, he ran the world's fastest 10,000 last year in Portsmouth, but in the European championships at Helsinki he finished a badly beaten sixth. After that

lackluster effort, the British press wrote him off as a potential Olympic medalist. "But he's different this year," says Neil Allen of the London *Times*. "He's more mature and has learned to avoid the pressures of self-imposed publicity."

In mid-July in London, Bedford turned in smashing victories in both the 5,000 and the 10,000 in the British championships, stamping himself once again as a strong contender at Munich. "It was the greatest double in the history of distance racing," proclaimed Ron Clarke, the retired world-record holder in both events.

In that meet, Bedford won the 5,000 in 13:17.2, lowering his European record by five seconds. Said Prefontaine when the news hit Oregon, "Yeah, but in Munich he'll be running the 10,000 first. He'll be a sitting duck in our race." The following day Bedford won the 10,000 in 27:52.8, and then sprinted an extra 350 meters.

"I'm much more relaxed this year," said Bedford. "I'm more confident. I've done less racing, and that makes me more hungry for competition. I still love to talk, but I've deliberately stayed away from the press. No more of that pressure from prerace publicity." Then he grinned. "Of course, if anyone is going to beat me at Munich, especially at 10,000 meters, they are going to have to run a world record." (Oh, oh, another one!)

Perhaps. And perhaps there are those who can do it. There is, for instance, besides Pre, Lasse Viren, the 23-year-old Finnish policeman who recently emerged from the ruck of European runners to win a 10,000 at Oslo in 27:52.4, the fastest time of the year. Earlier, Viren set Finnish and Nordic records in the 5,000 (13:19), the year's second fastest time behind Bedford's, and 3,000 (7:43.2) and may just have peaked his way into a gold mine. Or two.

For another, there is Yifter, the 25-year-old sergeant in Haile Selassie's Imperial Air Force who might do better if he ran his races carrying an adding machine. Last year in the U.S.-Africa meet at Durham, N.C., the skinny Ethiopian

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**Steve Prefontaine, shown breezing through one of his 69-second victory laps, will face Britain's unpredictable David Bedford (inset) in the 5,000.**







continued

stunned Prefontaine with a furious kick with a lap and 150 yards to go. The only problem was that Yifter thought he had only 150 yards to go. In another 1971 race, Yifter defeated Kenya's Kip Keino in a 5,000 with a 13:52.6. While that clocking was far from sensational, this year he ran a 13:33.8 at Helsinki. That is 13 secoods faster than Kenya's other long-distance star, Ben Jipcho, has done this year. To Yifter's advantage, he is used to running 1½ miles up io Ethiopia. "I may have trouble with the air at Munich," he supposedly said. "At sea level it is so *thick*."

But it is at sea level—or Munich's 1,700 feet—that Jim Ryun wants Keino. Ryun prepped for his 1,500 meter rematch with a mind-blowing 3:52.8 mile on July 29. No one clocked him at the 1,500-meter point, but his time would have been about 3:35.8. If there were still chinks in the 25-year-old Kansan's confidence before, there should be none oow.

"My problems in Mexico City were much worse than any I faced this year," said Ryun, who fioished a well-beaten second to Keino in '68. "There I had that awful 7,500-foot altitude as well as mononucleosis. All I had this year was a psychological problem, and that wasn't too hard to come back from."

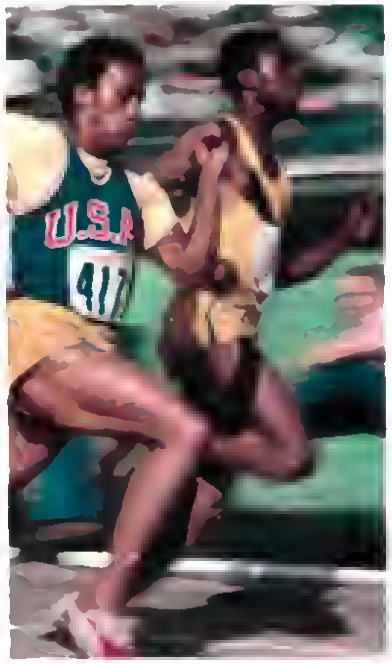
While more than a little impressed by Ryun's return, Keino isn't about to concede the gold medal. The 32-year-old police inspector is still an extraordinary athlete in superb condition. Until Ryun's run at Toronto, Keino had the year's fastest 1,500, a 3:36.8, and he did it over a terrible track at Mombasa while suffering from an attack of malaria.

In 1968 the Kenyans won three gold, four silver and a bronze. Led again by Keino, they've come to Munich every bit as strong, if not stronger. Kenyans have a chance of placing in every race from 400 meters through 10,000. Besides Keino, the best prospect appears to be William Koskei, who should press Ralph Mann of the U.S. in the 400 intermediate hurdles. While qualifying on the track at Mombasa, which one runner described as 400 meters of cowpads, Koskei was clocked in 49.8. In May, at Nairobi, on a track which was scarcely better, he was caught in 49 flat, the fastest

**Olympic champion Kip Kaino aod world-record holdar Jim Ryun will rasuma thair rivalry in the 1,500.**

time this year until Mann (48.4) and Dick Bruggeman (48.6) bettered it at the U.S. Trials.

The Kenyans also are counting on Julius Sang, a 22-year-old student at North Carolina Central University who is listed as one of two non-Americans among the world's 12 top quarter-milers. His best so far is a 45.3, which should get him just close enough to get a good view of the backs of the U.S.'s John Smith, Wayne Collett and Vince Matthews. The West Germans think they have a 400-meter surprise in Karl Honz, an unknown who turned in a 44.7 recently at Munich. But if he manages it again, instead of a gold medal they should give him King Oenomaus' daughter Hippodamia, who was Pelops' prize.



**Chuck Smith may surprise in 200.**

(A note on the East Germans, who are out to prove to their Western countrymen that athletes under the Communist system—which means they draw a salary just like, if a bit lower than, Willie Mays or Joe Namath—are faster and stronger than those in the decadent West, even if they are all Germans. The only things really known about them are 1) they should win a lot of medals, 2) if they don't there will be hell to pay in East Berlin, and 3) if they do there will be hell to pay in West Berlin.)

But while the East and West Germans wage their own private Olympics, the young U.S. team will have to keep a close watch on the rest of the world, because while our kids grow up dreaming of winning a gold medal some day, other nations' athletes come of age dreaming of winning a gold medal *and* of beating an American.

For example, Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson will not only be facing the threat of a confident Borzov, they will be pressed as well by Italy's Pietro Mennea, who has run a 10-flat; by Cuba's Hermes Ramirez; and by two cats who can run 100 meters faster than you can say their names—Greece's Vassilios Papageorgopoulos and Jean-Louis Ravelomanantsoa of the Malagasy Republic.

Rod Milburn, Ron Hill and Willie Davenport still make us the best 110-meter hurdlers in the world, but now there is the Swede, Kjell Isaksson, to threaten Bob Seagren, Jan Johnson and Steve Smith in the pole vault, an event no one but an American has ever won in Olympic history. In the discus, Jay Silvester will have all he can handle in Sweden's Ricky Bruch and Czechoslovakia's Ludvig Danek. Russia's Janis Lusis will leave us a chance for a medal in the javelin only if he fails to show up. (Our best is named Schmidt, as is our best girl javelin thrower, who is no relation. There is no truth to the rumor that the best German javelin throwers are named Smith.) Fifteen Olympic contestants headed by Russia's Anatoly Bondarchuk are listed ahead of George Frenn in the hammer, but if the explosive Californian gets angry enough he just might throw the 16-pound implement into Austria. Or at Bondarchuk.

The shotput, with George Woods and Al Feuerbach, should be ours, and with Jeff Bannister and little Jeff Bennett we have a good chance of continuing our traditionally strong showing in the decathlon. Nobody is giving us any kind of a chance in the triple jump, but John Craft is capable of a super leap. Gritty Frank Shorter is running both the 10,000 and the marathon, but it is an awfully tough double, and no American has won the Olympic marathon since 1908. But then again, until 1964 no American had *ever* won the 5,000 or the 10,000. Bob Schul and Billy Mills must have grown up dreaming of winning gold medals *and* of beating foreigners.

And so, on Sept. 9, the final day of Olympic competition, it will be known if the youngsters from the U.S. did better than expected—but never better than *they* expected—or if, as the experts predicted, their inexperience did them in. To find out, add up the medals.



**U.S.S.R.'s Luaiais favorite in javelin.**

Steve Prefontaine has his own yardstick. "Sure there will be a lot of pressure. And a lot of us will be facing more experienced competitors, and maybe we don't have any right to win. But all I know is if I go out and bust my gut until I black out and somebody still beats me, and if I have made that guy reach down and use everything he has and then more, why then it just proves that on that day he's a better man than I.

"If you think about it, that's what it's all about."

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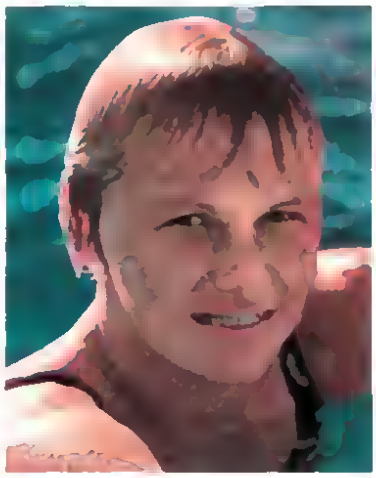
**Germany's Riahm is hammer threat.**



continued

# THEY'RE SURE A WINNING TOOTHSOME

## by Jerry Kirshenbaum



Gould could sooo ha writ in gold.



Put Matthas oo hia back, you losa.

Since the two of them always have so much to smile about, what with all those trips to the victory stand, it is small wonder that Shane Gould and Mark Spitz have been so preoccupied with the subject of teeth. Gould, the 15-year-old Australian, wanted her braces off before the Olympics, and her orthodontist obligingly removed them a few weeks ago. As for Spitz, the 22-year-old American, the teeth that interest him are not necessarily his own. He has long aspired to be a dentist, and his admission to Indiana University's dental school came through in February. Now he and Shane Gould are favored to win enough Olympic gold to keep the future Mark Spitz, D.D.S. supplied with fillings indefinitely.

Past performaoces make Gould and Spitz, along with East Germany's Roland Matthes, the ones to watch in Munich's 9,000-seat *Schwimmhalle*. If only because this is her first Olympics, Gould will command the most immediate attentioo. Spitz, in line for an unprecedented seven gold medals, has presumably benefited from his experience in '68 when he swam a program almost as busy but fell considerably short of his prediction of six golds. Matthes dominates his events as have few swimmers ever, and he is a virtual cinch to repeat his feat in Mexico City of winning both the 100 and 200 backstrokes.

The East German is the best of those swimmers from other countries who will try to keep the competition from degenerating into a U.S.-Australia dual meet. The Netherlands, dormant in swimming since the glory years of Ada Kok, suddenly has a poolful of talented women, including the first black world-class swimmer, 17-year-old Enith Brigitha, who moved to Amsterdam from the Dutch Antilles two years ago. The Russians, led by sturdy Galina Stepanova, mother of a 2-year-old daughter, will be strong again in the breaststroke. Stepanova, a naval officer's daughter who won the Soviet Union's only swimming gold medal ever in Tokyo in 1964, could, at 23, do it again. Another ascendant country is Japan, which last month celebrated its first world swimming record in nine years when chunky 18-year-old Mayumi Aoki lowered the mark in the women's 100-meter butterfly.

While others concentrate on two or three events at most, Shane Gould will be anchoring both of Australia's women's teams and entering all four individual freestyle events. The pressures

The prospact of seventh haaven awaits Spitz—here making like a huttarfly—to Muoich, where he cao wio savao golds.



Shane faces began building last January when she became the first woman in four decades to hold every world freestyle record (SI, March 13). Australia's Olympic team was chosen a month later, and Gould more or less dropped out of sight. Meanwhile, a gang of American schoolgirls mounted a challenge that culminated at the U.S. Trials two weeks ago in Chicago, where they took away two of her world records.

With battle lines clearly drawn, doting Australians will arise at three a.m. to listen to live broadcasts of what they hope will be so many installments of *The Shane Gould Show*. Their expectations have been fanned by Don Talbot, Australia's Olympic coach, who concedes that the U.S. may enjoy its usual preponderance of medals, but warns they will not necessarily glitter of gold. He says there is "better than a 50-50 chance" not only that Gould will win all her races but that Australians will sweep the four men's freestyle events, too.

The men Talbot is counting on are bank clerk Mike Wenden, out to repeat his 100- and 200-meter wins in Mexico, and 18-year-old distance stars Graham Windeatt and Brad Cooper. After the Olympics, Windeatt will enroll on a swimming scholarship at Tennessee, while Cooper hopes to reach a decision in Munich on which U.S. university he will attend. Cooper's deliberations assure that he will not pine away in the Olympic Village without the company of visiting U.S. college coaches.

While Australia aims for its best showing since winning eight of 13 events in Melbourne in 1956, the U.S. will counter with some formidable talent of its own. The steadiest and most unsung American is Gary Hall, a doctor's son who has a 3.7 grade point at Indiana, and in the past has needed all that gray matter just to decide which events to swim. Equally proficient in freestyle, backstroke and butterfly, Hall should win the 400 individual medley and probably will outrace Sweden's Gunnar Larsson in the 200 medley as well.

Even if he does take both of these events, and then goes out and wins the shotput and heavyweight boxing championship, too, Hall would still be obscured, as usual, by Spitz, his Indiana teammate. With four individual world records and two more as a member of relay teams, Spitz is strongest in the 100 butterfly and also ranks as a favorite in a 200 butterfly field that includes Hall. But it is in the freestyle sprints against old nemesis Wenden that Spitz can most fully vindicate himself for the debacle of '68. "Mark got psyched out by the big studs in Mexico City, but it won't happen this time," says Sherm Chavoor, his coach at Sacramento's Arden Hills Swim Club. "He's stronger, more mature and a better swimmer. Now *he's* the big stud."

The Spitz-Wenden duels will not be lacking in drama, but the men's 400 freestyle shapes up as even more of a heart stopper, a kind of microcosm of the meet. The 400 has American depth, consisting in this case of bespectacled Southern Cal star Tom McBreen; his clean-skulled crosstown rival from UCLA, Steve Genter; and, finally, Rick DeMont, a precocious 16-year-old who will also be the favorite in the 1,500. The event will attract, too, those Aussie upstarts, Cooper and Windeatt. For leavening, the field will be rounded out by the likes of West Germany's Hans Fassnacht and, possibly, his former Long Beach Swim Club teammate, Gunnar Larsson.

A victory by native son Fassnacht, who also swims the 200 butterfly and 1,500 freestyle, would bring on the frenzy of *Oktoberfest* a month early. Ironically, while Fassnacht, McBreen, Cooper and Larsson have each held the world record at one time or other, it is presently in possession of Californian Kurt Krumpholz, who failed to make the U.S. team. Krumpholz' 4:00.11 is in jeopardy, and somebody might make like Roger Bannister. McBreen, who will turn 20 the day before, is not alone when he says, "I've been shooting to break four minutes for two years now."

For equal drama among the women, one might look to almost any of Shane Gould's races. Training for her diverse schedule has been tricky since a sprinter's speed is usually honed by rest while distance swimmers customarily prepare with hard work. It is partly for this reason that Shane's prospects are brightest in the middle distances, where her chief U.S. rivals are a couple of 15-year-old Californians, Shirley Babashoff, who broke Gould's 200 record at Chicago, and Keena Rothhammer. Shane appears most vulnerable in the 100 and 800, the former because there is little margin for error in so brief a race, the latter owing to the hardships of a schedule that will have her swim, counting relays and heats, as many as 13 races in nine days.

The 100 will match Gould's so-called two-beat kick, a shallow, easy leg action usually seen among distance swimmers rather than sprinters, against the booming six-beat of Jennifer Kemp, the Cincinnati schoolgirl who in the U.S. Trials came within an eyelash of the Australian's 58.5 world record. "I'll be kicking, and she'll be pulling," Kemp says. In the 800 final, her last race, Shane will face, besides such sleepers as countrywoman Karen Moras and Italy's Novella Calligaris, a couple of well-rested Americans, Jo Harshbarger and Ann Simmons, who will have waited around for her all week. Harshbarger, a 15-year-old daughter of a Bellevue, Wash. computer services executive, makes up for lack of speed with superb conditioning—she swims up to 12 miles a day—and she is programmed to go out hard, a stratagem that got her an 8:53.83 clocking in Chicago, more than four seconds faster than Gould's previous mark.

At stake in all this is Gould's 18-month unbeaten streak in the freestyle, a feat that suffers only when compared to backstroker Matthes'. He has not lost in *his* specialties in more than five years. The 22-year-old Matthes, a slender 6′ 2″, has a deep, powerful kick and a personality that remains submerged even after he climbs from the pool. American swimmers refer to him as "Rolling Mattress," but they respect his ability. "Matthes is a supershy guy," says the ebullient Mitch Ivey, a sometime lifeguard and the leading U.S. backstroker. "He's so nice, it's too bad he's so fast."

Matthes will lend a Germanic flavor to the swimming, as will, in less obvious ways, those other two superswimmers, Mark Spitz and Shane Gould. Spitz' surname is German for "sharp," which describes the pain the Australians will feel should he win seven gold medals. Then, too, Shane Gould has been studying German for three years in suburban Sydney's Turramurra High School. In Munich, she will be able to use the language either to apologize to her hosts for making a shambles of the women's swimming or, alternatively, to explain what went wrong. One who is understandably eager to have Shane smiling triumphantly is her orthodontist, Patrick Kline. "It's a pity I can't advertise by putting my name on those teeth," he says. "But there are laws against that sort of thing in Australia."

CONTINUED

# ONLY 364 GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES

Some 9,000 athletes from 123 countries have gathered at Munich for the XXth Olympiad. Two weeks hence, when they go home, nearly 8,000 of them will be leaving empty-handed, there being only 1,109 medals—364 of them gold—to be won. But the founder of the modern Games, Baron de Coubertin, never wearied of saying that taking part—not winning—was the point. Barring injury or other mishap, the men and women pictured on the following pages will be taking part at Munich. Some will win, some will finish in the ruck, but all will be honored in their countries for having done the best they could, for themselves and for their homelands.

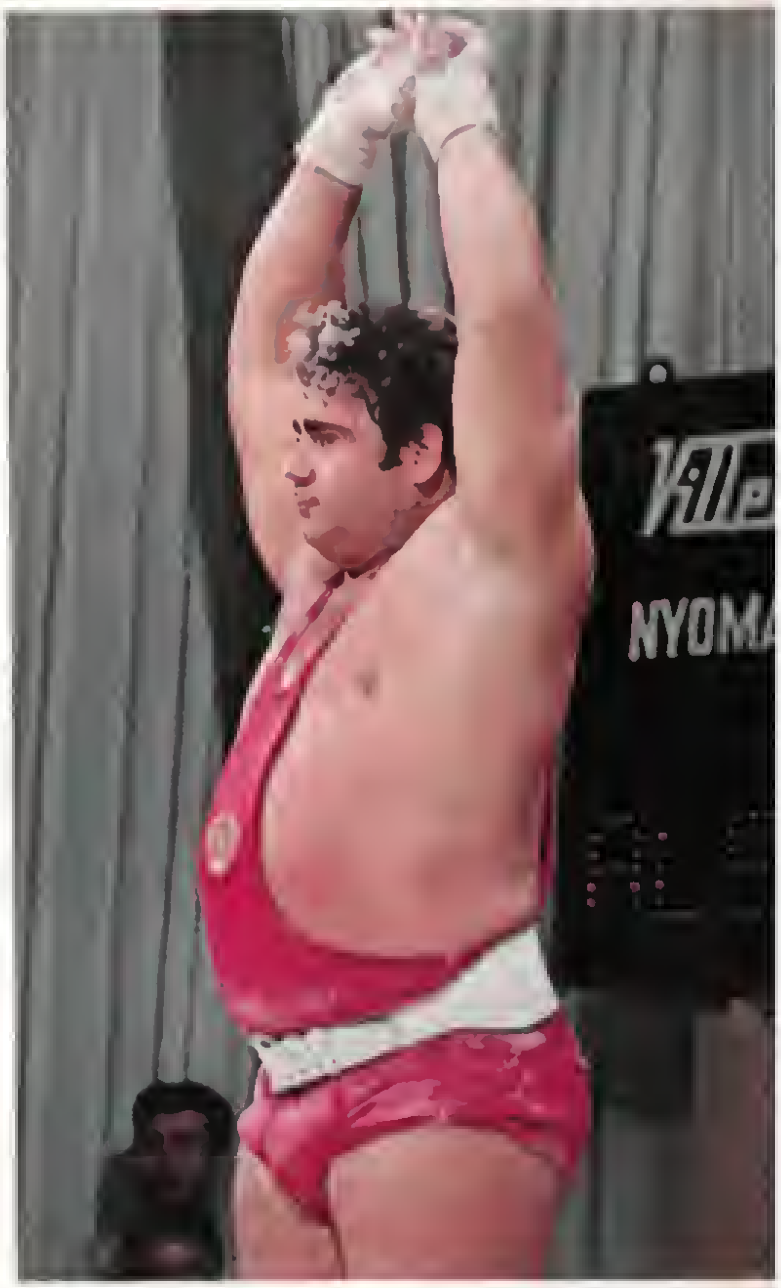
Little Cathy Rigby is biggest U.S. hope in gymnastics, having won a silver medal on the beam in the 1970 World Games.











In the past 2½ years, Superheavyweight Vasily Aloxeyev of Russia broke 54 weight-lifting records—mostly his own.

Although a 198-pound weakling, Naga Assad, a teacher at Cairo's High Physical Culture school, has put shot 67′11½″.






Assistant police inspector John Akii-Bua and prison warden Judith Ayaa, both of Uganda, will run intermediate hurdles and the 400.

Israel's athlete of the year for 1971 is Esther Shahamorov, who plans to triple in the 100- and 200-meter dashes and the 100-meter hurdles.

A graduate student in physical education at Tokyo's Nihon University, Akia Usami has the third-fastest time ever in the marathon.







Norway's Peder Lunde Jr. won a gold in '60, a silver in '68. Here he is hiked out in a Tempest with Axel Gresvig.

A waterworks gardener, Emiel Puttemans of Belgium holds the world record in the two-mile, will likely run in the 5,000.









The 106-pound boxing gold medalist in '68, Francisco Rodriguez of Venezuela is known as Morochito—roughly, sweetheart.

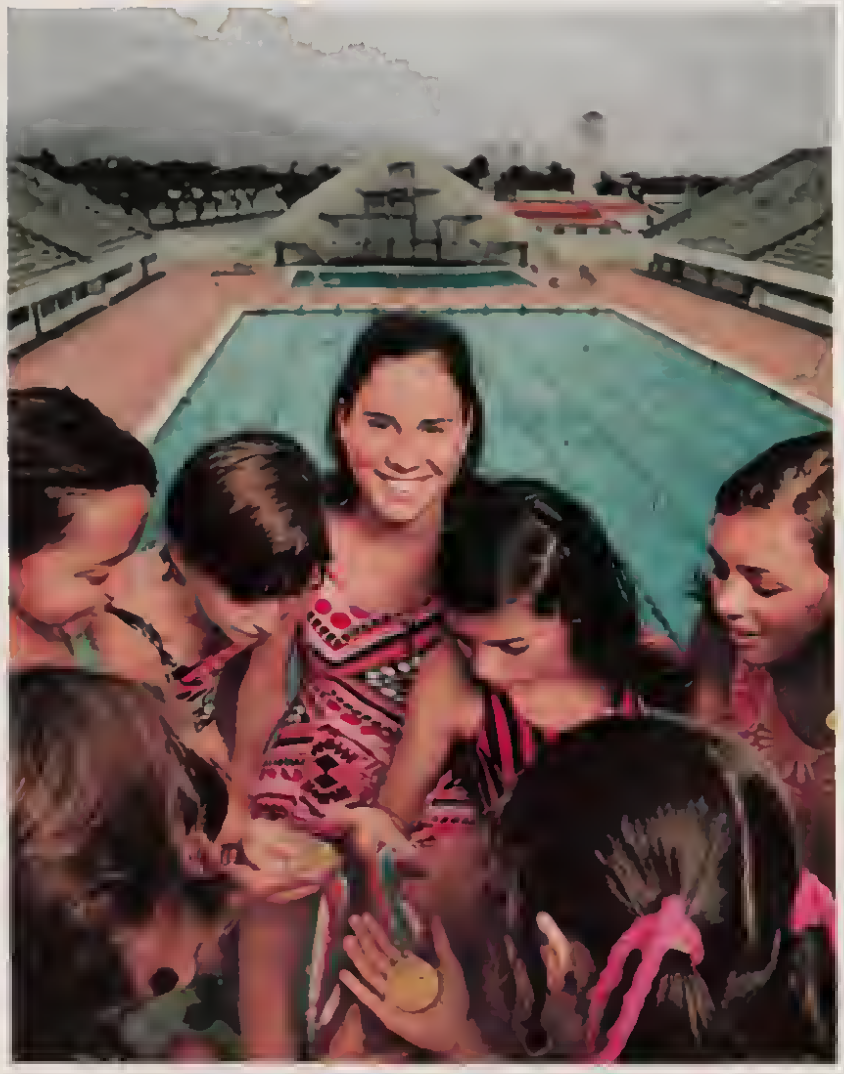
West German retailer Josef Neckermann, a '68 medalist in dressage, is oldest (60), richest ($1 billion annual gross) Olympian.

Alberto Demiddi of Argentina, the 1970 world chempion and a sales supervisor for Coca-Cola, is favored in the single sculls.



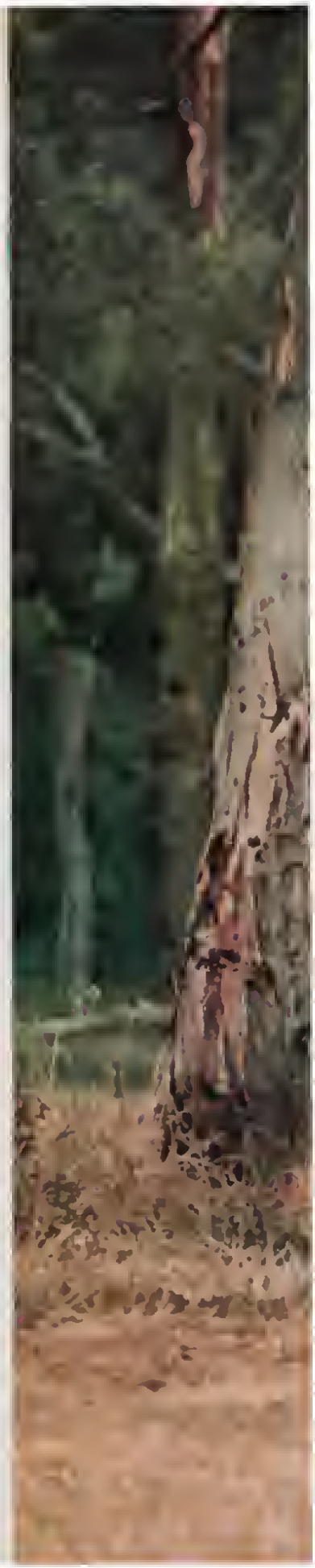
Striding through a grove of gum trees is Aussie Kerry O'Brien, who holds the world record in the steeplechase.

Olga Lucía de Angulo, 16, Colombia's Woman of the Year in 1971, holds many South American swimming records.



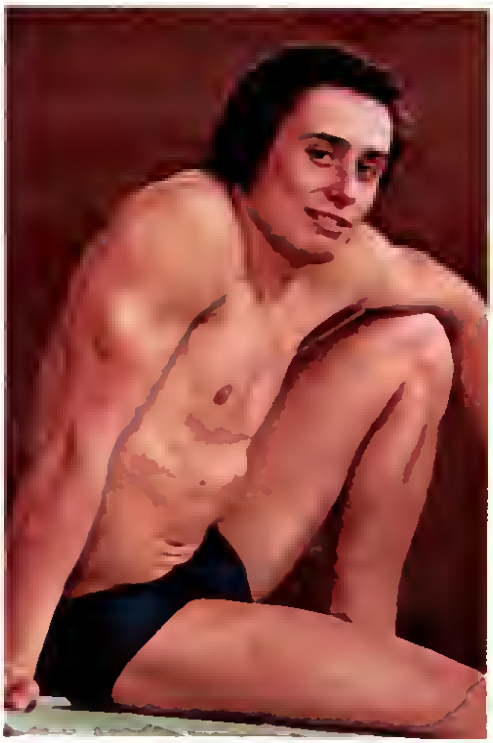
Gheorgia Gruia (upper right) is captain of Rumania's world championship handball team. The game is like soccer.

Italian Franco Cagnotto (lower right), the European springboard champion, is also a contender in platform diving.











continued

# MEDAL FAVORITES FOR MUNICH

**The U.S. and Russia will once again be fighting it out for the overall title but East Germany, a power in women's track and field, may mount a challenge**

| SPORT | TOP THREE | ANALYSIS |
|---|---|---|
| TRACK & FIELD MEN 100 METERS | BORZOV, USSR<br>HART USA<br>ROBINSON, USA | Let's face it the U S has no Hayes, Hines or Tommie Smith and many experts foresee a repeat of Rome when all the sprint gold medals stayed in Europe Although Hart and Robinson have equaled the 9 9 world record, and Borzov's best is 10 0, he has done it on slower European tracks and he runs to win not to set records. Mennea has a 10 0 and a 20 2 this year and should beat Quarrie who has been injured A surprise medalist in the 200 could be West German Ommer |
| 200 METERS | MENNEA ITALY<br>QUARRIE, JAMAICA<br>C SMITH, USA | |
| 400 METER RELAY | USA<br>JAMAICA<br>ITALY | |
| 400 METERS | J SMITH USA<br>CDLLETT USA<br>HDNZ W GER | Only a month ago Honz set a European record (44 7) dampening U S hopes for a sweep Before a largely German crowd he will have more adrenalin going for him than Matthews of U S who is competing in his second Games. U S is a cinch in the relay, barring a mishap |
| 1,600-METER RELAY | USA<br>KENYA<br>W GER | |
| 800 METERS | ARZHANOV, USSR<br>FROWM E GER<br>DUKO, KENYA | 800-meter world record holder Wottle of U S is bothered by tendinitis and Arzhanov can win with any kind of tempo In 1,500 Bolt will set a murderous pace for Keino and Ryun will have to hang on and blow by Keino in stretch. Finland's Vasala is a threat for bronze |
| 1 500 METERS | RYUN, USA<br>KEINO, KENYA<br>BDIT, KENYA | |
| 5 000 METERS | PREFONTAINE, USA<br>BEDFORD, G BRIT<br>VIREN, FINLAND | Because of his spectacular double last month, Bedford has to be a favorite in the 5,000 and 10,000 He will try to burn everybody out with a fast pace, he has a better chance to do so in the 10 In the 5, Pre's indomitable spirit could carry him to victory. The next best bet is Viren, who has a tremendous kick Experts see in Belete another Bikila, and he may well be The dark horse in the marathon is Munich born Shorter of U S Malinowski ran a European record 8 22 2 this month, two ticks off world record, and may move up. World record holder O Brien seems to be past peak. |
| 10,000 METERS | BEDFORD, G BRIT.<br>HAASE, E GER<br>SHARAEETDINDV, USSR | |
| MARATHON | BELETE, ETHIOPIA<br>PHILIPP, W GER<br>HILL, G BRIT | |
| STEEPLECHASE | KANTANEN, FINLAND<br>MALINOWSKI, POL<br>GARDERUD, SWEDEN | |
| 110 METER HURDLES | HILL USA<br>MILBURN, USA<br>DAVENPORT, USA | Milburn is slightly injured and could also be beaten by Davenport France's Drut, Cuba's Casanas and East Germany's Siebeck have all run 13 3 and are out for medals. Mann and Bruggeman of the U S are 1 2 in the world, but Bruggeman may poop out after running three heats. |
| 400 METER HURDLES | MANN, USA<br>KOSKEI, KENYA<br>AKII BUA, UGANDA | |
| HIGH JUMP | SAPKA, USSR<br>TARMAK, USSR<br>DAHLGREN, SWEDEN | Straddle jumper Tarmak has best mark in world (7'4½") this year, but flopper Sapka (7 4¼") is more consistent East Germany's Junge could take third In long jump West Germany's Baumgartner has leaped farther than Robinson but is nervous in major meets. Triple jumper Drehmel has a reputation for beating Saneyev in big ones Perez of Cuba hasn't approached world record distance he achieved |
| LONG JUMP | ROBINSON, USA<br>KLAUSS, E GER<br>WILLIAMS, USA | |
| TRIPLE JUMP | DREHMEL, E GER<br>SANEYEV USSR<br>CORBU, RUMANIA | |

| SPORT | TOP THREE | ANALYSIS |
|---|---|---|
| POLE VAULT | SEAGREN, USA<br>ISAKSSON, SWEDEN<br>S SMITH USA | at Cali Seagren may have trouble adjusting to old pole, but should win Isaksson, who injured a thigh muscle recently, is a question mark |
| SHOTPUT | WOODS USA<br>FEUERBACH, USA<br>GIES E GER | The U S should take first and second in the shotput, and Feuerbach, bulked up to 260 pounds, could chop down Woods They are followed by three East Germans of whom Gies is best technician New, calm slimmed, consistent Bruch, who lately equaled Silvester's world mark, is favored in discus, Silvester could take second. West Germany has two top hammer throwers, Beyer and Riehm, but Riehm is less seasoned Bondarchuk seems a safe bet for gold, though not as safe as Lusis Superspear, the '68 winner, who recently set a world record in the javelin (307 8") |
| DISCUS | BRUCH, SWEDEN<br>DANEK CZECH<br>SILVESTER USA | |
| HAMMER | BONDARCHUK USSR<br>SACHSE, E GER<br>BEYER, W GER | |
| JAVELIN | LUSIS USSR<br>SIITONEN EINLAND<br>WDLEERMANN W GER | |
| DECATHLON | BANNISTER USA<br>HEDMARK, SWEDEN<br>SKOWRONEK POL | Skowronek heads world list, but Bannister is 27 points behind Hedmark solid in all events could win |
| 20-KM WALK | ERENKEL, E. GER.<br>REIMANN, E GER.<br>NIHILL, G BRIT | When it comes to walking, the Germans are the best, and the farther East they walk, the better they get Erenkel, Reimann and Nihill all broke the 20 km. world record in 1972. Kannenberg is a new sensation and should beat '68 champion Hohne in the 50. |
| 50 KM WALK | KANNENBERG, W GER<br>HOHNE, E GER<br>SDLDATENKO, USSR | |
| WOMEN 100 METERS | STECHER, E GER.<br>DAVIS, USA<br>SCHITTENHELM W GER | East Germany holds a trump card in Stecher, who is co holder of the 100 meter world record and could win three sprint events, though '68 200 meter champion Szewinska, née Kirszenstein, is again favored in 200 Davis seems to have recovered from her back injury, having recently tied the world record for 100 yards Gleskova of Czechoslovakia in 100 and Annum of Ghana in 200 are also contenders, but Boyle comes through in big ones. East Germany wins the relay |
| 200 METERS | SZEWINSKA, POL<br>STECHER, E GER<br>BDYLE, AUSTRALIA | |
| 400 METER RELAY | E GER<br>W GER<br>POLAND | |
| 400 METERS | ZEHRT, E GER<br>HAMMOND, USA<br>WILDEN, W GER | Zehrt, only 19, recently equaled the world record of 51 flat and is a killer, Hammond is 8 10ths slower Seidler could take second for East Germany The GDR relay team broke the world record last month and is unbeatable The U S has a chance of nipping West Germany |
| 1 600 METER RELAY | E GER<br>W GER<br>USA | |
| 800 METERS | JACKSON USA<br>HOFFMEISTER E GER<br>SILAI RUMANIA | 800 meter world record holder Ealck of West Germany has no finish and gets beaten in important races '68 champion Jackson has made a tremendous comeback and is very determined Bragina is the 1,500 meter world record holder, but her 4 06 9 is sure to fall |
| 1 500 METERS | BURNELEIT, E GER<br>BRAGINA USSR<br>HOFFMEISTER E GER | |
| 100 METER HURDLES | EHRHARDT, E GER<br>BALZER, E GER<br>RYAN AUSTRALIA | Balzer, 34, who won in '64, will bow to Ehrhardt, 12 years her junior, who broke her world record |

CONTINUED



**Hailing from caviar-rich Babolsar, Iran, the freestyle wrestler Abdullah Movahed won 154-pound title in '68.**

| SPORT | TOP THREE | ANALYSIS |
|---|---|---|
| HIGH JUMP | GUSENBAUER AUSTRIA<br>SCHMIDT E GER<br>BRILL CANADA | Gusenbauer and Schmidt both have gone over 6 2" this year, but six other women all from Eastern European countries are contenders plus flopper Brill of Canada who cleared 6 1¼" this month Rosendahl can come up with six tremendous long jumps in a row |
| LONG JUMP | ROSENDAHL W GER<br>YORGOVA BULGARIA<br>SZEWINSKA POL | |
| SHOTPUT | CHIZHOVA, USSR<br>GUMMEL, E GER<br>CHRISTOVA BULGARIA | Chizhova and Melnik, two hefty Russians, have both broken the world record this year, Chizhova who weighs 196 pounds in the shot with a 67'8½" heave, and Melnik, who dyes her hair red in the discus, with a 219' fling Both are 27 years old, unmarried and unbeatable, Fuchs, also a world record holder often wins by 5 to 10 feet Schmidt recently had an illegal flat mark of 212' and has a real stab at silver |
| DISCUS | MELNIK USSR<br>WESTERMANN W GER<br>MENIS RUMANIA | |
| JAVELIN | FUCHS E GER<br>SCHMIDT, USA<br>GRYZIECKA POL | |
| PENTATHLON | POLLAK E GER<br>ROSENDAHL, W GER<br>TIKHOMIROVA USSR | Rosendahl is weak in shot and high jump whereas Pollak should win four events bowing in 200 |
| **SWIMMING MEN**<br>100-METER FREESTYLE | SPITZ USA<br>WENDEN, AUSTRALIA<br>HEIDENREICH USA | It's between Spitz, the world record holder and Wenden, the Olympic champion, in the sprints, and Spitz wiser and more seasoned than in '68 looks unbeatable Most likely all freestyle medals will be divided between U S and Australia but Rousseau of France in 100 and Fassnacht of West Germany and Larsson of Sweden in the 400 could surprise The 400 promises to be the most exciting race, with four former world record holders in finals. McBreen broke Cooper's listed record in U S trials, but Krumpholz had a faster heat and didn't make the team New world record holder DeMont is favored in 1,500 |
| 200-METER FREESTYLE | SPITZ USA<br>WENDEN AUSTRALIA<br>GENTER USA | |
| 400-METER FREESTYLE | McBREEN, USA<br>COOPER, AUSTRALIA<br>DeMONT USA | |
| 1,500-METER FREESTYLE | DeMONT USA<br>COOPER AUSTRALIA<br>WINDEATT AUSTRALIA | |
| 100-METER BREASTSTROKE | HENCKEN USA<br>KUSCH, W GER<br>PANKIN USSR | Americans Bruce and Chatfield and the Japanese Taguchi are also contenders in 100 and any one of the six could win Job is the most consistent over 200 meters and Colella could make this event a U S sweep, but Kusch has advantage of competing before his countrymen |
| 200-METER BREASTSTROKE | JOB USA<br>HENCKEN USA<br>KUSCH W GER | |
| 100-METER BUTTERFLY | SPITZ USA<br>EDGAR USA<br>HEIDENREICH USA | The 100 is best U S bet for a sweep if GDR's Matthes who is second only to Spitz, doesn't compete Spitz holds world records in both events having lowered Fassnacht's 200 mark by two seconds at U S trials. Hall Brinkley of England and Delgado of Ecuador could surprise |
| 200-METER BUTTERFLY | SPITZ, USA<br>FASSNACHT W GER<br>BACKHAUS, USA | |
| 100-METER BACKSTROKE | MATTHES E GER<br>IVEY USA<br>STAMM USA | It's defending champion Matthes all the way in both races. His world marks are two seconds faster than Ivey's best Ivey placed behind Matthes in the 200 in 1968 and if any human can beat him Ivey could do it in the longer race But save your money |
| 200-METER BACKSTROKE | MATTHES E GER<br>IVEY, USA<br>McKEE USA | |
| 200-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY | HALL USA<br>LARSSON, SWEDEN<br>McKEE, USA | Hall set 400 world record at trials and equaled Larsson's two year-old world mark in 200. The Swede who has never beaten Hall in a medley, says, "I'll let him be best until we meet in Munich," and Larsson could get a gold in 200 Furniss is another U S threat in both races. |
| 400-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY | HALL, USA<br>LARSSON, SWEDEN<br>McKEE USA | |
| 400-METER FREESTYLE RELAY | USA<br>AUSTRALIA<br>W GER | The U S should win all three relays *and* set world records in each Besides swimming four individual events Spitz is on all relay teams as well but will not have to swim in relay prelims, which will bring his grand total of races to a measly 13 Matthes should pace GDR to a silver in medley In freestyle events Russia Holland, GDR and Sweden will battle West Germans, Aussies for silver and bronze |
| 800-METER FREESTYLE RELAY | USA<br>W GER<br>AUSTRALIA | |
| 400-METER MEDLEY RELAY | USA<br>E GER<br>USSR | |
| **DIVING MEN**<br>SPRINGBOARD | CAGNOTTO ITALY<br>LINCOLN USA<br>FINNERAN, USA | Italy is heavily favored in both events with European springboard champion Cagnotto and Dibiasi, who won a silver in '64 and a gold in '68 off the tower Russians Vasin (springboard) and Kapirulin (platform) will challenge U S divers as well as East Germany's Hoffmann and L Matthes |
| PLATFORM | DIBIASI, ITALY<br>RYDZE, USA<br>HOFFMANN, E GER | |
| **SWIMMING WOMEN**<br>100-METER FREESTYLE | GOULD, AUSTRALIA<br>KEMP, USA<br>BABASHOFF, USA | Before the U S trials earlier this month, Gould held all freestyle world records and seemed unbeatable Then Babashoff broke the Australian's 200 record by 6 10ths and Harshbarger broke her 800 record by over four seconds Since the Australian trials were in February and no serious meets have been held since Gould's form is hard to assess but chances are she has further improved and could still win all freestyle races. However, defeat may come on the eighth day of competition when she is pitted against a fresh Harshbarger who only swims the 800 |
| 200-METER FREESTYLE | GOULD AUSTRALIA<br>BABASHOFF USA<br>ROTHHAMMER, USA | |
| 400-METER FREESTYLE | GOULD AUSTRALIA<br>ROTHHAMMER USA<br>BABASHOFF, USA | |
| 800-METER FREESTYLE | HARSHBARGER USA<br>GOULD AUSTRALIA<br>SIMMONS, USA | |
| 100-METER BREASTSTROKE | STEPANOVA USSR<br>CARR USA<br>SCHUCHARDT E GER | 23 year old Stepanova, the only Russian swimmer ever to have won a gold medal (in the 200 in Tokyo) is the favorite in both events She is joined by teammate Grebennikova, who is 23 Clevenger of the U S and Kaczander of Hungary are also strong in the 200 |
| 200-METER BREASTSTROKE | STEPANOVA USSR<br>GREBENNIKOVA USSR<br>SCHOENFIELD USA | |
| 100-METER BUTTERFLY | DEARDRUFF USA<br>AOKI JAPAN<br>GYARMATI HUNGARY | Aoki set world mark in 100 last month, but Deardruff is less than 2 10ths off American Daniel who won a silver in 100 and a bronze in 200 in '68, is again a contender and U S should sweep 200, although East German Kother and Australians Nealt and Funch might spoil |
| 200-METER BUTTERFLY | MOE USA<br>COLELLA USA<br>DANIEL USA | |
| 100-METER BACKSTROKE | GYARMATI HUNGARY<br>ATWOOD, USA<br>BELOTE USA | Belote is the new world record holder in the 200 and the best bet in the backstroke events Gurr of Canada and Groen of The Netherlands could also place, as well as Skrifvars of the U S. |
| 200-METER BACKSTROKE | BELOTE USA<br>ATWOOD USA<br>CAIN AUSTRALIA | |
| 200-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY | VIDALI USA<br>BARTZ, USA<br>WOODS, USA | It seems that Gould has abandoned her plan to swim the 200 medley, if not there will be a fierce struggle between her and Vidali That apart, only Japan's Nishigawa could prevent a U.S sweep In the 400, Moras of Australia, Cliff of Canada and Stolze of GDR threaten |
| 400-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY | MONTGOMERY, USA<br>NEALL, AUSTRALIA<br>BARTZ, USA | |
| 400-METER FREESTYLE RELAY | USA<br>E. GER<br>AUSTRALIA | It will be more difficult for the U S. women than the men to win the relays. Both the U S and GDR have more depth than Australia, but the |

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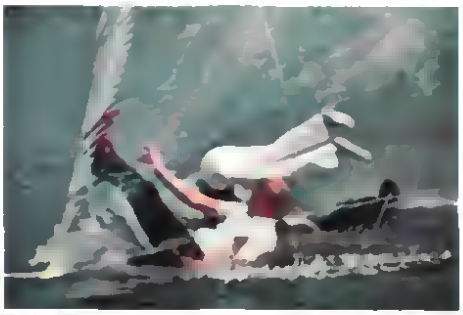
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[illegible] the sport is to stay on your feet and keep the bag moving. Rather like doing the tango in an enormous bowl of gelatin.



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continued

| SPORT | TOP THREE | ANALYSIS |
|---|---|---|
| 400 METER MEDLEY RELAY | USA<br>E. GER<br>AUSTRALIA | strongest challengers may turn out to be The Netherlands and Russia in the medley |
| DIVING WOMEN SPRINGBOARD | POTTER, USA<br>JANICKE, E. GER<br>CARRUTHERS, CAN. | Potter, King and Ely could sweep springboard, but Janicke is consistent and Carruthers won at Pan-Ams. Off the tower Knape, 17, is favored although she was still a butterflyer two years ago. Canadians Robertson (also a Pan-Am winner) and Boys could beat Duchkova, the '68 gold medalist. |
| PLATFORM | KNAPE, SWEDEN<br>ELY, USA<br>DUCHKOVA, CZECH | |
| ARCHERY MEN | WILLIAMS, USA<br>LAASONEN, FINLAND<br>JACOBSEN, DENMARK | Williams, 18, bettered his own world record in the U.S. trials and should be a cinch for gold; Poland has an exceptionally good women's team; still, Wilber, 42, could beat world-record holder Szydlowska to collect a second gold for U.S. |
| WOMEN | SZYOLOWSKA, POL.<br>WILBER, USA<br>GAPCHENKO, USSR | |
| BASKETBALL | USA<br>USSR<br>YUGOSLAVIA | U.S. has never lost a game since basketball became an Olympic sport in 1936. Present team is perhaps tallest, but also youngest and least experienced. The Russians are considered better technicians, the Americans more exciting. |
| BOXING 11 EVENTS | USSR<br>USA<br>POLAND | The Russians have a half a million registered amateur boxers and are favored, as they were in 1968. American heavyweight Bobick, flyweight Oement and lightweight Busceme have best medal chances. Rumania and Hungary will challenge Poland for third-highest score. |
| CANOEING 9 EVENTS | HUNGARY<br>W. GER.<br>USSR | Hungary, which won six medals in 1968, will be hard pressed by West Germans. The U.S.S.R., GDR, Rumania and Sweden have strong teams as well. Smoke of U.S. has chance in women's kayak singles. |
| CYCLING 7 EVENTS | FRANCE<br>ITALY<br>W. GER. | Expect a battle between France, winner of four golds in 1968, and Italy, trying to redeem itself after a poor showing in Mexico. With Morelon and Trentin returning, France is given first billing. U.S. could win 4,000-m. team pursuit race. |
| EQUESTRIAN 6 EVENTS | W. GER<br>GREAT BRITAIN<br>USA | West Germany is favored because of its jumping and dressage teams, but Great Britain has more horses than most other countries and is unbeatable in three-day events. Defending Olympic champion Steinkraus or Shapiro could win individual jumping title for U.S. |
| FENCING 8 EVENTS | USSR<br>HUNGARY<br>FRANCE | Russia began winning medals 12 years ago and is considered No. 1 in saber and women's events, but Hungary is strong in epée and France in foil. Best American is saber specialist Orban. |
| FIELD HOCKEY | INDIA<br>PAKISTAN<br>KENYA | Defending champion Pakistan is underdog in what promises to be a bitter fight, and one not without political overtones. The Kanyan team is harmonious mixture of black Kenyans, Indians and Pakistanis. |
| GYMNASTICS 14 EVENTS | JAPAN<br>USSR<br>E. GER. | Japan's Olympic champions Kato and Nakayama lead invincible team. In women's events, Russia's world champion Turishcheva will be challenged by East Germans Janz and Zuchold and by Rigby of U.S. |
| JUDO 6 EVENTS | JAPAN<br>NETHERLANDS<br>USSR | Japan is expected to take five of six gold medals, with heavyweight medal going to Ruska of Netherlands, the 1971 world champion. |
| MODERN PENTATHLON TEAM | HUNGARY<br>USSR<br>USA | World champion Onishchenko and Balczo are both 34 years old but still going strong. Hungary has more depth with Kelemen and former junior champion Villanyi. The U.S. is counting on Richards and Taylor to lead the team to the bronze medal that barely eluded it in 1968. |
| INDIVIDUAL | ONISHCHENKO, USSR<br>VILLANYI, HUNGARY<br>BALCZO, HUNGARY | |
| ROWING 7 EVENTS | E. GER<br>W. GER.<br>USA | East Germany has emerged as a power and is favored to win at least four events. It will be hardest to beat in pairs and fours without cox. U.S. all-star eight may well go all the way. Demiddi of Argentina should win singles. |
| SHOOTING 8 EVENTS | USSR<br>USA<br>W. GER. | That's how it went in 1968, and Olympic and world skeet champion Petrov and small-bore rifle ace Parkhimovich could help Russia retain No. 1 ranking. American riflemen Writer and Wigger may figure. |
| SOCCER | HUNGARY<br>W. GER.<br>BULGARIA | West Germany's team was put together only two months ago, but playing before soccer-mad home crowds may spur them to beat Hungary, the '64 and '68 champion. |
| TEAM HANDBALL | RUMANIA<br>E. GER.<br>YUGOSLAVIA | Rumania is world champion and has the world's best player in Gruia. Former world champion Czechoslovakia also has a shot at a medal. |
| VOLLEYBALL MEN | USSR<br>CZECHOSLOVAKIA<br>RUMANIA | There is a good chance that Russia will win both men's and the women's competition, but Japan's women, 1964 Olympic champions, may avenge 1968 loss. Bulgarian men's team could take silver or bronze, and Rumania and Poland might place in women's competition. |
| WOMEN | JAPAN<br>USSR<br>CZECHOSLOVAKIA | |
| WATER POLO | HUNGARY<br>USSR<br>USA | Five-time Olympic champion Hungary was winner of a recent tournament in which Russians and 1968 champion Yugoslavia took part. |
| WEIGHT LIFTING 10 EVENTS | USSR<br>POLAND<br>HUNGARY | Russia turns out weight lifters like York does barbells and may win seven gold medals, one of which will go to superheavyweight Alexeyev. Best U.S. bet is Patera, who will face (sob!) Alexeyev. |
| WRESTLING 20 EVENTS | USSR<br>JAPAN<br>BULGARIA | Russia is favored to win eight golds. Top U.S. performers are Gable (149½ pounds). Wells (163½ pounds) and Taylor (superheavyweight). |
| YACHTING 6 EVENTS | USA<br>GREAT BRITAIN<br>DENMARK | U.S. team should take a gold medal in Dragon and Tempest and could beat Denmark in Soling. Great Britain is threat in Flying Dutchman and Tempest. Brazil is the favorite in the Star class. |



There's a long, long trail awinding to Munich, but **Gordon Naysmith** will never see the end of it. The 35-year-old Scotsman set out 21 months ago from Lesotho in southern Africa on horseback, intending a triumphal arrival this week at the Olympic Games. Alas, only 272 miles from his destination he ran out of horse. "What can I do?" asked Naysmith after quarantine regulations cut short his trek at the Austro-Hungarian frontier. He turned down the offer of **Edgar Fried**, secretary-general of the Austrian Olympic Committee, for a substitute steed. Maybe it's all for the best. Naysmith didn't have a ticket, anyway.

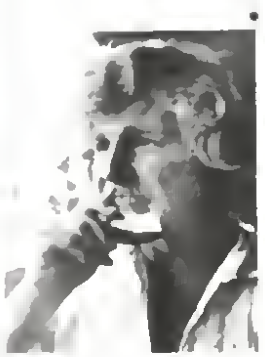
The old L.A. Angels one-two pitching punch is back in action as a one-two, uh, punching punch. **Dean Chance**, who has been promoting prizefights in Ohio for the last several years, has hired former colleague **Bo Belinsky** as his matchmaker and factotum. "I was doing everything," said Chance. "Publicity, matchmaking, managing and promoting." Explaining his new duties, the pudgier (187 pounds) but no less outspoken Belinsky said simply: "I'll keep Dean straight. I'll even wear a tuxedo." The first Chance-Belinsky card will feature **Ernie Shavers** and **Vincente Rondon.**

◆ It has not been what you would call a great year for race officiating. Beginning with the 1972 Indy 500, where the start was bungled and the order of finish shuffled the day after, there has been a rash of disputes over rulings on the nation's raceways. The latest is this pushing-and-selling contest between **Bobby Unser** and a guard at the Tony Bettenhausen Classic in Milwaukee last week. Unser, upset because USAC officials apparently had been looking the other way when he ran his fastest lap (confirmed by nine stopwatch readings), withdrew in protest from the race, changed clothes and tried to return to the pit area. With results shown above.

It was a fine time to decide the wire was too loose. There was **Karl (The Great) Wallenda**, doing his spellbinding thing 160 feet above the turf of Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium between games of a Phillie doubleheader, when he realized the ⅜-inch cable strung between the foul poles had "too much sway." Wallenda paused in his 600-foot stroll, put down his pole and, to the gasps of 30,000 fans and Phillie Veep **Bill Giles**, who conceived the stunt, began gesturing to the groundkeepers. "They were holding the wires like washing lines," said the 67-year-old aerialist. Once the wires were taut Wallenda completed his act, topped off with a headstand for peace. Afterward he socked down two martinis to "kill my nerves."

**Bruce Kison**, the young Pittsburgh Pirate pitcher who was whisked off to his wedding by helicopter after the final game of the 1971 World Series, may be cooking up an encore. He and his wife, the former **Anna Marie Orlando**, have announced they are expecting their first child around World Series time. If things keep going well for the Pirates next month, maybe somebody better arrange for another helicopter.

● At last **Tim Rossovich** has someone to eat glass with. The San Diego Charger linebacker counts among his diverse tastes an appetite for such things as lightbulbs and beer glasses. Comes now **Jeff Kolberg**, a New England Patriot rookie safetyman, who also indulges an occasional craving for something brittle. He prefers thin glass, which he consumes in small bites, then pulverizes with his teeth and swallows down. Fast



Coast glass, he complains, is harder than the stuff he gets in his native Oregon.

California's **Governor Ronald Reagan** has signed a moratorium on the state tax on closed-circuit prizefights in hopes that the move will lure **Muhammad Ali** and **Joe Frazier** to finally schedule their long-awaited rematch at a site like **Jack Kent Cooke's** Forum in Los Angeles. One of the hangups, according to some reports, was Frazier's reluctance to surrender 5% of his share of the TV money to the state of California. Not to mention promoter Cooke's reluctance to give up 100%, of everything if the fight never comes off.

Harvard has a pretty good basketball prospect who's been hanging around the campus this summer, if only the school can figure out what to do about his eligibility. **Kareem Abdul-Jabbar** has been taking a course in Arabic to further his work on a master's degree in Near Eastern studies.

Baltimore's Memorial Stadium may not always provide the Orioles with an adequate crop of spectators—for one game last week only 655 diligent fans showed up—but the team should never lack for tomatoes. Head groundkeeper **Pat Santarone** and Manager **Earl Weaver** decided during the winter that a tomato growing competition might have salutary effects on the team's spirit. A left-field foul area was preempted for the plants, which are maintained by Weaver, Santarone, Coach **George Staller**, **Boog Powell** and **Brooks Robinson.** The man with the biggest crop at the end of the season wins. At the moment Santarone, whose vines are eight feet tall and have yielded a bushel of tomatoes, is leading the league. He had one cluster of four that weighed 9.7 pounds.

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BASEBALL / *Jack Tobin*

# *Brobdingnagian in Lilliput*

Can Vic Davalillo, the minuscule and peripatetic Venezuelan who plays now and then for the Pittsburgh Pirates, be the victim of that most pernicious form of bigotry—size-ism?

The record would seem to indicate as much. In nine years in the major leagues, the 5′ 7″, 155-pound Davalillo has hit and fielded like a Brobdingnagian—two .300-plus seasons, a .279 lifetime batting average, a Golden Glove award—but he is forever consigned to Lilliput and, therefore, overlooked. Nobody, it seems, wants a little man for long—not the Cleveland Indians, not the California Angels, not the St. Louis Cardinals.

"I seem to get traded all the time," says Davalillo, who has, in fact, been traded three times in the past four years. "I'm a little guy, and when you weigh 155 pounds you've got to work twice as hard as a guy who weighs 200 pounds. . . . For me to stay in the big leagues, I got to do it with hunting, stealing, hitting singles and staying in shape."

Davalillo hunts, steals, singles and shapes up with the best, but the fact remains that most Americans, big-league baseball managers included, prefer their heroes to be of heroic proportions. Runts are useful only as a diversion. Davalillo has been a splendid diversion. He can play all three outfield positions and even first base, a spot normally reserved for the big fellows. And since he began his career as a left-handed curveballer, he can, in a pinch, pitch. In a pinch, he can also hit. In 1970, while playing for the Cardinals, he tied a major league record with 24 pinch hits in a season. Overall, he hit .311 that year. But in 1971 he was traded to Pittsburgh, along with Pitcher Nelson Briles for Matty Alou, who is only slightly bigger than Davalillo, and Pitcher George Brunet.

"I do not know what happen," says Davalillo in his Spanish accent. "Maybe they want some bigger men. Maybe they think they can win the pennant with those two guys, and the Pirates think they can win with Briles and me."

The Pirates, of course, were right. They won the pennant, Davalillo hit .285 in 99 games and Briles pitched a vital shutout over Baltimore in the World Series. But Davalillo didn't grow between seasons, and when it came time for the Pirates to size up their prospects for 1972, he stood ready with bags packed. But in new Manager Bill Virdon, a 6-footer, he found a champion of the little man. Thinking big, Virdon saw a place for Davalillo on his team.

"Size is no liability to him," Virdon says of his ace utility man. "It is balanced out with his great speed, his sharp bat and the fact that he plays four positions. Actually, he has a lot of assets. Size has nothing to do with your ability to play the game of baseball."

Davalillo starts primarily against right-hand pitching, although he remains in the game when a lefthander relieves.



LITTLE VIC WEIGHS IN WITH A HEFTY BAT

He has prospered in the platoon system, hitting above .330 and stealing 10 bases in 11 attempts. And as a part-timer, he joins a distinguished company in the National League that includes the Dodgers' Manny Mota and his own teammates, Gene Clines and Rennie Stennet. All, significantly, are little men.

Davalillo is not displeased with being only an occasional starter. He feels useful. "Beel," he says of his manager, "is always using me. He never forget about me."

Under any circumstances, Davalillo plays a lot of baseball. When the regular major league season is over, he simply packs his spikes and moves to his native Caracas for winter ball. This, in fact, will be his 18th season in the winter leagues.

"Some say it keep me tired," Davalillo says, "but I say it keep me in shape."

The shape is the same—small—but at 33, Vic Davalillo is a bigger man in some respects than many of his contemporaries. He has developed a certain philosophy, for example, about the nature of his occupation. Some might call it cynicism.

"That first time, when I was traded by Cleveland," he said last week, "I worried a lot. I was thinking, when you do get traded you are a bad ballplayer. When they trade you, they maybe don't need you. Now I look around and see them trade guys like Willie Mays. Now, I am thinking different."

By baseball standards, that is looking at the big picture.

## THE WEEK

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

**AL WEST** With his eye on the surging White Sox (*page 18*), Oakland Manager Dick Williams said, "This close race is good for the American League but I don't like it." Dick Green was back at second base against the Orioles, and made a big rally-killing play beyond the range of any other A's infielder, and Reggie Jackson was expected back soon. But Vida Blue left after the first inning of his latest start with pains in his groin glands. John Odom outdueled Cleveland's Gaylord Perry, and Sal Bando said, "John is our smartest pitcher. He has lost a little off his fastball, but he knows a lot about moving the ball around." Like everyone else, Bando maintained that Perry was adept himself at moving something around. "He has it on his glove, on his elbow, on his cap, on his neck, and by the time you go out there to find it, he rubs it away."

In 1969, when he managed the Twins, Billy Martin developed Rod Carew as an aggressive base runner. Last week Carew made Martin regret his efforts. Carew went from first to third on a short single against the Tigers, then scored the winning run on a sacrifice fly. He was hitting well, too, raising his average to .313.

Kansas City's Bob Lemon, usually an easygoing manager, lost his patience and benched starters Amos Otis and Fred Patek until they would assure him they'd give 100%. Patek did the next day, but Otis waited for four days while his replacement Steve Hovley went seven for 13 against the Yankees before giving in. Otis was irked by Lemon's criticism that he let a flyball drop short of the outfield wall in Texas. Said Otis, who was recently injured bouncing off a fence, "Sure I'm shy of fences. Let Lemon run into one, and see if he isn't." The Royals' Bruce Dal Canton hoaxed Texas writers by pretending to be teammate Roger Nelson, following the lead of Boston's Tommy Harper, who had pulled the same trick on the same writers by sitting on Reggie Smith's stool after a game. And Otis, shy of more than fences, tacked a sign over his dressing cubicle: "No Interviews. A.O." He meant it, 100%.

Leroy Stanton of the Angels was more accessible after hitting two home runs, his first since June 14th, and two singles in four times up against the Indians. Stanton, who had started off hot but slumped of late, called his four-for-four performance "the greatest night of my life." Andy Messersmith, recuperating from the rare misfortune of a midseason operation on his pitching hand, came back to post a complete-game victory, beating Cleveland 4-2.

The Texas Rangers suffered a notable setback—at least more notable than their other routine losses. Shortstop Toby Harrah, the closest thing the Rangers have had to hurrah about lately, had his appendix removed, and while the doctors trimmed Harrah the Yankees trimmed his teammates twice.

OAK 87-47 CHI 86-47 MINN 80-52
KC 82-57 CAL 81-63 TEX 48 86

**AL EAST** Detroit lost two extra-inning games to the Twins, causing Manager Billy Martin to tear off his double-knit baseball shirt in the clubhouse. Even that did not satisfy him. "I must not be too strong any more," he said.

*continued*



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"I wanted to tear my uniform apart. All I ripped off were the buttons." But new acquisition Woody Fryman kept winning, Mickey Lolich finally won his 19th and, despite being 7-13 for August, the Tigers were in first place.

Which meant the Orioles were slightly outslumping them. Jim Palmer stopped a four-game losing streak, the sixth time this year he has won after three or more Baltimore losses. Before the win Earl Weaver, who should be riding high this time of year, said, "When this thing is over, a couple of teams are going to feel they've won it three or four times and they're going to feel like they've lost it three or four times. Right now it doesn't look very good. Maybe tomorrow it will look better. All you can do is show up at the park and find out."

New York's Ron Blomberg and Mike Kekich are roommates on the road. Usually, Blomberg likes to take a bat back to the hotel to practice his swing.

"Don't bring your bat in the room again," warned Kekich.

"I'm going to bring my bat tonight," vowed Blomberg.

"I'll put the lamps and chairs around so you won't have room to swing it," replied Kekich.

"Then I'll hit the lamps and chairs when I swing the bat," said Blomberg.

"I'm glad there's something you think you can hit," said Kekich.

The Yankees were loose all right, but they weren't taking advantage of their chances to move into the lead. The Red Sox, by contrast, were not even loose. Reggie Smith, apparently stung by rookie Carlton Fisk's public suggestion that he wasn't bearing down, did produce 10 RBIs in three days. But he refused to produce any postgame quotes for the press.

Things looked bleak in Cleveland when Gaylord Perry, the man whose reportedly dewy fingers had given Indian fans some pretext on which to be dewy-eyed with hope, lost his fourth straight. For Milwaukee, Brock Davis played an enemy single into a home run, Rick Auerbach got tagged out oversliding second base and Ellie Rodriguez failed to tag a runner on an unusual play at the plate—all in one bad game against the White Sox.

On the whole it was the kind of week in the Eastern Division that led Western observer Ted Williams to remark that while the Orioles looked like the team to beat, they also looked dead.

**DET 82-53 BALT 81-53 NY 80-54**
**BOST 77-55 CLEV 73-61 MIL 64-70**

## NL EAST

The Pirates, still tooling right along despite Roberto Clemente's sore Achilles' on top of a two-week intestinal virus, won in their final at bat for the 18th time this year and came from behind to win for the 36th time, when Willie Stargell hit a 3-0 pitch for a two-run ninth-inning homer to beat Los Angeles 3-2.

"Nothing is impossible," said Jim McAndrew who, having been a '69 Met, ought to know. McAndrew and Tug McGraw combined to shut out the Braves, but at week's end the Mets stood 23-32 since the day Rusty Staub broke his hand. McGraw enlivened Camera Day at Shea Stadium by making himself up as Willie Mays, who did not seem to think it was such a great idea. When asked to pose with his imitator, Willie refused.

In August there have been 24 stolen-base attempts against the Cubs, 23 of them successful. The score is 11 for 11 against slow-delivering rookie Rick Reuschel alone. "I just don't think about the runners all during the game," confessed Milt Pappas, who picked up his 194th lifetime victory and a back spasm as the Cubs went three for six in the week.

The Cardinals, still struggling in fourth place, haven't had a home run out of clean-up hitter Joe Torre since June, but their pitchers have hit seven this year—four by Bob Gibson, one by Rick Wise and two by slender rookie Don (Bull) Durham, whose fourth and fifth straight hits against the Giants helped him to his first majors win.

The Expos' 17-5 defeat by the Astros was described by the *Montreal Star* as "one of the most degrading spectacles in modern professional sport in Montreal—a callous slap in the face to the paying customers." Manager Gene Mauch went so far as to send in utility Infielder Hector Torres to pitch the last two-thirds of an inning. He gave up five hits. Expo General Manager Jim Fanning said, "You should look at it this way. The people saw great hitting tonight." Houston's Doug Rader, who must have been kidding, said sometimes it's harder to get a hit off someone like Torres. "You're afraid of not getting one and looking like an ass."

**PITT 70-42 NY 69-52 CHI 60-53**
**ST.L 58-57 MONT 52-60 PHIL 43-70**

## NL WEST

There are various ways of getting out of a batting slump. A player can watch movies of himself, he can concentrate on stroking the ball up the middle or, like Cincinnati's Johnny Bench, he can dress up in uniform shirt and short pants, sweep off the bases with a broom and kiss Jerry Quarry, the boxer. Bench, who had not been hitting up to par, was doing an imitation of Atlanta's base-sweeper Suzie during a Braves' players-vs.-wives pregame exhibition. Quarry was umpiring. Then Bench put on his knickers and drove in five runs to beat the Braves.

Tony Perez was hitting the long ball without having to kiss anybody in public, and Pete Rose was back up around his perennial .300. Even with two of their best pitchers, Gary Nolan and Wayne Simpson, out with injuries, the Reds were rolling.

The Houston Astros jumped up and down on Montreal, 17-5, then arose at dawn to catch a seven a.m. flight to Philadelphia. "Imagine that," said Outfielder Norm Miller. "We beat a team by 12 runs and have to sneak out of town at sunrise the next day." Every player in the Houston lineup hit safely during the Montreal laugher except Shortstop Roger Metzger. "I sure felt sandwiched," he said.

Tommy John, the man the Dodgers got for Dick Allen, four-hit the Cubs to win his eighth game in his last 10 decisions. Cub Coach Pete Reiser called for an examination of John's glove, saying it "looked awfully shiny, as if something was on it. John's sinker had been sinking awfully well, and I wanted to be sure it was just a sinker." The pitch that was really working, said John, was "my half screwgie."

In three different losses Atlanta loaded the bases with one out in the ninth without scoring. Once Larvell (Sugar Bear) Blanks, a .425-hitting rookie who had up until then done no wrong, stood on second base when a bases-loaded grounder was hit, allowing the catcher to trot all the way to third and force him out. But Henry Aaron was hitting home runs. Only 50 shy of 714, Aquarian Aaron said, "I have to make it, because this is the Age of Aquarius." The Babe was born under the same sign, Henry pointed out. The key to such matters might well be located more precisely in the wrists than in the stars, however. Less awesome Aquarians include Dal Maxvill, Dick Tracewski and Hank Aguirre.

For the Giants, Juan Marichal picked up a win after being advised by Coach Don McMahon and Manager Charlie Fox to cut down on his famous high kick. Kicking lower made his back feel better. "I am very happy," said Marichal. "You know, everybody talks about my high kick, but when I first started with the Giants I was a sidearm pitcher."

San Diego was still not setting the league on fire, but the Padres hosted an oldtimers game that brought together Casey Stengel, Babe Herman and Frenchy Bordagaray. Frenchy said it was true that he once stopped to pick up his cap while going after a fly ball, but "I got them both—the ball and the cap. And let me tell you, it wasn't easy." Yes, he said, he also was once picked off second base while standing on it. He was conversing at the time with the shortstop, who had the ball, and "I was tapping my foot. He must of got me between taps."

**CIN 70-43 HOUS 62-51 LA 60-52**
**ATL 52-63 SF 51-66 SD 44-68**

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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

# *Not only the sun sank in the West*

Topsy-turvy is the only way to describe the 1972 Summer National Contract Bridge Championships held recently in Denver. Virtually nothing went according to form. For example, in 43 previous years of competition for the Von Zedtwitz Gold Cup, the prize awarded to the winners of the Life Masters Pair Championship, no pair had ever successfully defended the title. That curious record disappeared when Alvin Roth and Barbara Rappaport, hailed as surprise winners in 1971, repeated in Denver. But this was only the beginning.

Followers of the Spingold Knockout Team event saw even more unexpected developments. For one, members of the Olympiad runner-up Aces played on two different teams, neither of which got past the quarterfinals. But then, none of the other nine top-seeded teams did either. The defending champion Precision team, winner of the last two Spingolds, muffed its chance to become the first to win three straight. It beat only two teams before losing to the eventual winners, a foursome headed by B. Jay Becker of New York, by the merciless margin of 149 international match points.

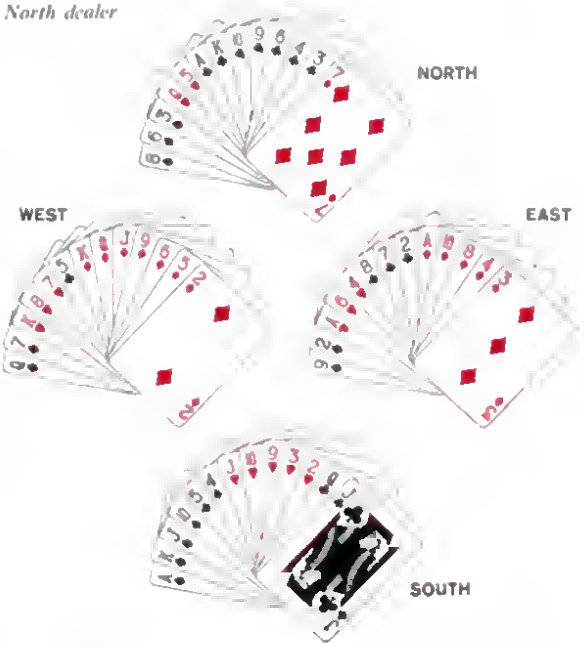
In that same round, just prior to the quarterfinals, four of the Aces—Bob Hamman, Bobby Wolff, Bobby Goldman and Mike Lawrence—supported by Peter Pender and Grant Baze, were nudged out by the tiny margin of two IMPs on the very last deal. The other two Aces, Jim Jacoby and Paul Soloway, who had signed on to play with Dallas oil and insurance man Malcolm Brachman, his wife Minda and John Swanson of Culver City, Calif., outlasted their customary teammates, making it to the quarterfinals before bowing to a team that was originally seeded 60th in a 103-team field.

All of which paved the way for a couple of fellows named Smith to play leading roles in the semifinals. Ron Smith of St. Louis, a member of that 60th seed, became the first black player ever to go so far in the Spingold. And Curtis Smith of Houston, heading a 19th-ranked entry, squeaked all the way into the final by knocking out still another highly rated team, a 10th-ranked foursome led by Eddie Kantar of Los Angeles.

Kantar and his partner, Marshall Miles, had until the last moment been scheduled to play as a third pair on the 16th-ranked Becker squad. Instead, the two Californians had teamed up with two British stars, Jonathan Cansino and Robert Sheehan, who, in turn, had threatened to become the first players outside of North America to win the Spingold title.

But the Kantar team did not make the final, and the Curtis Smith team, which did make it, did not win. The victors were the 68-year-old Becker, his 28-year-old son Mike (the first father and son combination ever to win the trophy) and their teammates, Jeff Rubens and Andy Bernstein of New York, both in their early 30s. The four compiled a phenomenal scoring record, winning all but one of their matches by 57 IMPs or more.

*North-South vulnerable*
*North dealer*




| NORTH (Cansino) | EAST (Grieve) | SOUTH (Sheehan) | WEST (Rapee) |
|---|---|---|---|
| 3♣ | PASS | 4♣ | 5♦ |
| 5♣ | 6♦ | 6♣ | PASS |
| PASS | DOUBLE | PASS | PASS |
| PASS | | | |

In the first 18 deals of the 72-deal final, the Becker team took an insuperable lead of 75 IMPs against the Smith squad, and from there coasted to an 81-IMP win. The tournament, fittingly, marked the 40th anniversary of the senior Becker's initial entry into national bridge competition. He did not win anything in the 1932 Summer Nationals, but since then he has won seven Spingolds and seven Vanderbilts among some 40 national titles.

*continued*

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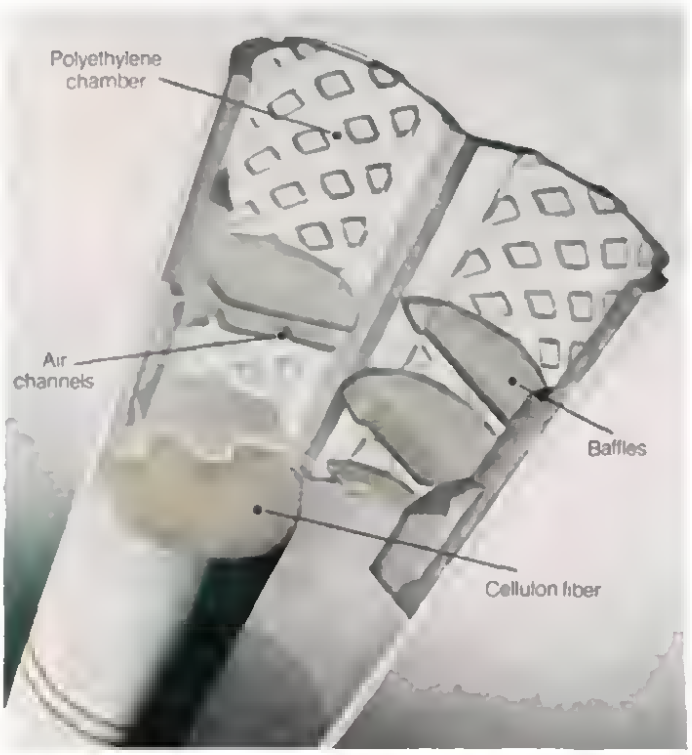
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SI 28-8 72

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With such a profusion of upsets to choose from, it would be hard to select a "crucial" hand in the 1972 Summer Nationals. So here is one that will let you choose, if you can, the killing opening lead against a doubled slam contract. Don't peek at any hand except West's until you have mulled over the auction and decided what you would open against six spades. And just to let you know what is at stake, I will tell you that when George Rapee played the West hand for his second-seeded Springold team in an early match against Cansino and Sheehan of the Kantar foursome, he was faced with the same problem and made the wrong decision. It cost his team 19 IMPs.

As Rapee and his partner, Bill Grieve, played the double of six spades, East was announcing one sure trick against the slam. It was then up to West to decide whether he had a defensive trick of his own, in which case he should pass, or whether he should go on to seven diamonds. Rapee decided that he had a trick—but then he had to pick the right opening lead.

After long thought, he elected to open his singleton club, since if East held either the club ace or the spade ace, a club ruff could be obtained and would ensure defeat of the contract. But East's defensive trick was, unfortunately, in hearts (he could not count the ace of diamonds, of course). So declarer won with the club jack, played two high trumps, dropping the queen, and made an overtrick when the club suit furnished five heart discards.

At the other table, the bidding followed a slightly different course after South chose to bid only three spades at his first turn:

| NORTH | EAST | SOUTH | WEST |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 ♣ | PASS | 3 ♠ | 4 ♦ |
| 4 ♠ | 5 ♦ | 5 ♠ | PASS |
| PASS | 6 ♦ | 6 ♠ | PASS |
| PASS | DBL. | PASS | PASS |
| PASS | | | |

Kantar, on lead with the West hand, judged that the opponents were solid in the black suits and chose to open the 7 of hearts. The defense took two quick heart tricks, and Kantar's team had 200 points more to add to the 1,860 scored at Rapee's table.

Naturally, it is easy to see now what the right lead was. The question is, did you find it?

END


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**In the blistering heat of St. Louis, 18-year-old Mary Budke, helped by "little gifts from on high," won the U.S. Women's Amateur title**

# Some did well. Mary, very

Possibly because the drama of professional golf, starring Jack Nicklaus, is so easy to come by on television these days, a modest affair such as the U.S. Women's Amateur championship generates little excitement, even in the town where it is held. When 17-year-old Laura Baugh, a beautiful, Floridahorn, California doll teed off in defense of the national title last week on the ancient and trap-pocked course of the St. Louis Country Club, the temperature, the humidity and public disinterest were all at a record high.

Although St. Louis golfers are accustomed to playing on days that would make an iguana sweat, when Baugh drove down the bowling-alley fairway of the 1st hole, the gallery consisted of only 27 human spectators and an errant cocker spaniel. On the 2nd hole she picked up five spectators, but the spaniel wandered off, possibly disenchanted because the petite champ had bogeyed and lost the hole, or perhaps simply seeking the cool shade of one of the bosky dells that crowd St. Louis fairways. Three days later, when 18-year-old Mary Budke of Dayton, Ore. replaced Laura Baugh as champion by defeating Cynthia Hill of St. Petersburg, Fla. 5 and 4 in a sweltering 36-hole final, the gallery fluctuated between 200 and 400, the number increasing sharply every time the contest got near a concession stand serving cold drinks.

Although the Women's Amateur does not attract spectators as it should, the contestants remain loyal to it, and for that reason it is a spirited thing. In essence it is a congregation of very amiable and competitive dames who like to gather annually to socialize and destroy each other's golfing reputations in head-to-head play.

This year, as often before, some of the constant campaigners did not get by the two qualifying rounds of stroke play. Polly Riley, a 45-year-old Texan who was a finalist in 1953 and had survived the cut all but three times in 26 years, failed this year by nine strokes, so stricken by the heat that she did not recall finishing the second round. Barbara McIntire, a veteran of 22 straight years and twice champion, lost out by a stroke. Considering the attrition in the qualifying, Laura Baugh, who at age 16 last year was the youngest winner ever, seemed a likely repeater. She had youth to help her against the 95° heat, and she has a neat, down-the-middle game that is suited to the unforgiving character of the St. Louis layout.

The course is pre-World War I, designed by Charles MacDonald, a Scotch-American who borrowed heavily from the classic concepts of his ancestral land. From the women's tees the course is respectfully short, 6,128 yards, but the greens are full of whimsy and the big sand bunkers nightmarish. A giraffe could hide in some of them. It is said that when the groundkeepers give the deepest sandpits at St. Louis a thorough raking they uncover old wood-shafted cleeks and the bones of poor souls who never got out.

In her manner on and off the course, Baugh seems totally cool and contained and dedicated to the perfection of her game. In the worst and best moments of a round she is almost as deadpan as the late Maureen Connolly. Off the course she is somewhat more outgoing than Duane Thomas. In her first two matches she proceeded excellently in defense of her title, performing few wonders but rarely getting into serious trou-

continued



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ble, but in the third round she ran into Barbara Boddie, a veteran of nine previous title campaigns.

Boddie had once reached the semifinals, losing there to JoAnne Gunderson Carner, who fairly well ruled the roost until turning pro two years ago. When discussing the past and present of golf, Boddie loves to cry in her beer, largely, one suspects, because she *likes* to talk about golf and she likes beer. When she compares her own style with that of teen-agers such as Baugh, she refers to herself collectively as "golfers of my generation" or "golfers my age" in a fashion that suggests that she is about to disappear over the horizon into some kind of octogenarian oblivion. "I weigh 132 pounds," she moans. "I am 10 pounds over my fighting weight. I am 32 years old, and I don't know whether I can last another round in this heat." (Boddie comes from Shreveport, La., a town not noted for its cool, arid climate.) "I assume I will have some support from the gallery," she continues, "since just about everybody around here seems to be my age or older."

After talking herself virtually into the grave in this fashion, Boddie then shot the only subpar round of the tournament to beat Baugh 6 and 5. Whereas she had allowed Nancy Syms to win three holes during their match and Marilyn Palmer to get one, Baugh got none. Boddie's first three rounds were far and away the best in the tournament, and she might have gone all the way if she could have sustained that quality, which she did not. In the semifinals she met eventual winner Budke, who has made her way in competitive golf sometimes as a steady player and sometimes as a scrambler.

When she turned 18 last November, Budke left behind an excellent record as a junior in the Northwest. She qualified in the National Amateur last year, was runner-up in the last Intercollegiates, and is present women's champion of her home state. As she emerges now into the big time, in several respects she is reminiscent of Billy Joe Patton, the old happy wanderer of golf. Like Patton, she is brainy about the game but can also laugh at it. Like Patton, on some rounds she literally wanders, using the rough as much as the fairways. Like Patton also, she acknowledges that she is sometimes helped by what she calls "little gifts from on high." In her final two rounds at St. Louis her ball, outward bound, struck a spectator's shoe and dropped dead. Along a narrow fairway a large elm caught her ball, rattled it around in its branches for a while and then tossed it out to a good lie on the fairway.

On the way to winning the title at St. Louis, Budke's fortunes seesawed from the start. During a qualifying round she fell into a nasty trap on the par-4 8th hole and ended up with a quadruple bogey. She rallied to squeeze inside the cut-off with two strokes to spare. She took her first two rounds of match play 1-up and 3 and 2. Then on the third round her fortunes truly dropped and soared. After six holes Budke was 5 down to Mary Bea Porter of California. "I was wondering at that point what plane I could get back to Oregon," she said. Of the next 11 holes she won seven to go 2-up. She needed only to halve the 18th, but nearly blew it, knocking a wood into the rough inbounds by barely an inch. She scrambled back to get a par 5, but her rival, Porter, sank a 30-foot putt for a birdie to tie the match. On the first extra hole Budke got what certainly qualifies as a little gift from on high. She knocked a skittering shot that "went forever" into the rough, but her opponent did far far worse. Blasting out of a trap, Porter twice put balls out of bounds and conceded the match.

Budke's semifinal match against Boddie promised to be a dilly and turned out to be a haphazard contest to see who could play less badly. After 18 holes their scorecard was littered with bogeys and Boddie and Budke were still even. On the first extra hole, Boddie was short of the green on her approach and needed three to get down. Budke caromed her second shot off the top of a bunker to get on in two and down in par.

Cynthia Hill, Budke's opponent in the 36-hole match for the title, was playing in her second final in three years. Budke, as if to prove she was no fly-by-night, settled down to a steady game, took the best Hill had—including a hole in one—and slowly stole away, giving an occasional hole but getting two in exchange to win 5 and 4. As Budke headed into the last 18 holes and a subpar finish, Guy Hope, the pro at the nine-hole Riverwood Golf Course where Mary got her start, said, "Now she is finally playing the kind of golf she plays back home when something important like a 10¢ Coke is at stake." END

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# GOING FROM BAD TO WURST

by JONATHAN RHOADES

There is a theory—not widely held, to be sure—that the 1972 Munich Olympiad will never happen. The theory was expressed most recently in a Munich beer cellar, one of those smoky places with tables on sawhorses and fat, off-key waiters and draft beer that is sold not only by the yard but by the 200 and even the 1,500 meters.

"You know," my friend said, "there's a theory that the '72 Olympics will never happen."

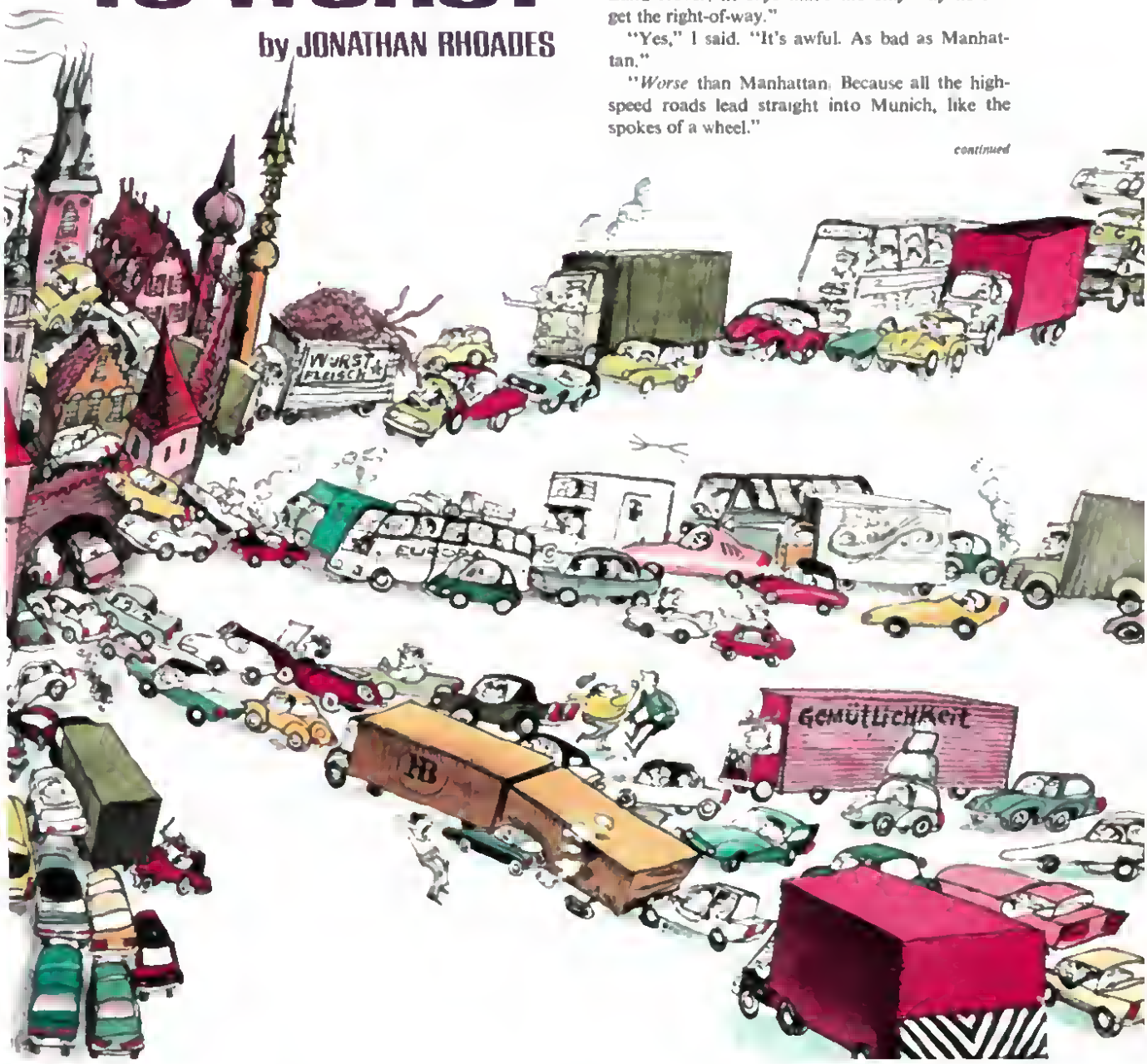
"Not widely held, I trust," I said. "But go on."

"Well," he said, "you've driven here, and you know what a huge traffic jam Munich is, and what a bunch of crazy drivers the Munichers are. Why, I know a man who went out and bought a big Land Rover, he says that's the only way he can get the right-of-way."

"Yes," I said. "It's awful. As bad as Manhattan."

"*Worse* than Manhattan. Because all the high-speed roads lead straight into Munich, like the spokes of a wheel."

*continued*



"Which can only mean that at Olympic time. . . ."

"Exactly!" the friend said. "At Olympic time, 50,000 Americans will fly to Europe and rent cars, and 200,000 Europeans will decide to drive here, and they'll all head toward Munich at top speed and *Boom!*—they'll converge on the Bahnhof and there'll be a huge explosion and that'll be the end of Munich. There'll be nothing left but the Englischer Garten."

Fantasy has always overwhelmed me, especially when it is presented with a straight face, so I withdrew into the late John Lardner's favorite, all-purpose retort: "I wouldn't be surprised."

Having completed a driving tour of Europe, my first in four years, I *wouldn't* be surprised at anything that happens on European roads. Continental driving, never anodyne, has become a wheeled nightmare, at least by American standards. Traffic densities have gone right up the graph along with European prosperity, and safety tolerances have gone right down. In Paris, minicars whirl around the Place de la Concorde seven and eight abreast, the space between them roughly equal to the thickness of a ball-park hamburger. Parisians joke about the pedestrians who had to be airlifted off a traffic island by the Obelisk, and two others who starved to death waiting for a break in the flow.

In this year of the XXth Olympic Games, you will not find American diplomatic officials in much of a joking mood. Says an attaché in Berne, "On the record, we have to talk about how skilled and courteous the European drivers are, but that's pure bull. Europeans are horrible drivers, *ghastly*. They're turning the Continent into an abattoir. Now comes the Olympics, and a zillion Americans have decided to bring over their own cars or fly to Europe and then rent a car and drive to Munich, and not a one of them with the slightest idea of the realities. Why, Hertz had 14 of its renters killed last year, when there *weren't* any Olympics."

"Fourteen killed in Europe?"

"Fourteen killed in Switzerland," he said.

If you are frightened by the accident statistics released in Washington, then consider some statistics from Europe. France kills about 15,000 per year, averaging 13.4 deaths per 100 million driven miles. One rainy Gallic afternoon, Travel Writer Temple Fielding witnessed four separate fatal accidents.





West Germany lags only slightly, with about 14,000 deaths annually, or 12.5 fatalities per 100 million driven miles. In sharp contrast, the U.S. figure dropped below 5.0 last year. Statistically, you are almost three times as likely to die on the highway in France and 2½ times as likely in Germany, and the figures are not much lower for other European countries.

Europeans are well aware of the problem, but they just don't know what to do about it. Sometimes stringent measures are taken. In Segovia, Spain, Writer Richard Oulahan was involved in a traffic jam caused by a parade of 45 or 50 little Spanish cars driving slowly past a priest. The Father was sprinkling each car with holy water and blessing it, and as Oulahan commented later, "They needed that blessing and all the luck they could conjure up, because Spain may be the most hazardous country in Western Europe for motorists."

Spain's preeminence is debatable, and others with nationalistic pride are quick to debate it. "If I were a young man just starting out," says a French hotelier, "I'd do one of two things: open an auto-repair shop or a mortuary."

Belgians, by common consent, are among the worst drivers, perhaps because for years they were not required to take a road test to get a driver's license. One American swears that he was cruising along a Belgian highway at 80 mph and was passed by a hearse.

Nor are the Italians out of the com-

petition. A Bolognese bookseller speaks proudly of his country: "Where else can you neck your girl friend, eat a slice of mortadella and get into an *incidente orribile* at the same time?"

Professional Chauffeur Noel Maria nominates his native Portugal for the world's-worst trophy. "I am driving all over Europe," he says, "but my beautiful Portugal I am hating to driving the most. I prefair driving anyplace than this place!"

"Why has European driving deteriorated so markedly?" you ask.

If you will excuse a personal observation, I answer: European driving has not deteriorated a bit. It has remained uniform ever since the end of World War II, when the first Messerschmitt three-wheelers and Topolinos and Citroën Deux Chevaux appeared on the scene. It has remained uniformly *orribile*. One reason is that the great mass of Europeans are still unaccustomed to cars and driving. At heart, they are bicyclists, horsemen, pedestrians.

Another reason is that they have their ears all mixed up with their pride and their passions, not unlike Americans, but they have neither the skill nor the good roads nor the traffic systems to save themselves from their own wild impulses. "I hate to admit it," says Businessman Klaus Dietrich of Frankfurt, "but every European, when he buys his first car, he gets that crazy gleam in his eye and he says to himself, 'This is *my* car! Now I show *them*!' This will go on for another 50 years at least, and then we'll—how you say it?— we'll cool it."

Says a transplanted Viennese, Franz Spelman, "We're just not used to cars, and we're still overexcited by them. We haven't reached the point that you Americans have, where the car has become a normal daily adjunct of life. A car is still an event in Europe, and we get carried away. Sometimes on slabs."

To attempt a driving trip in Europe these days is to undergo a trial by trauma. To begin with, most Europeans drive tiny, high-rpm cars that whine and spit and snap, giving you the feeling you're trapped deep inside a big generator and may never get out. The cars are underpowered and overdriven; the same tiny "Seat" (Spanish-made Fiat) that blocks your way for six miles of uphill mountain driving will fly by you at 80 mph on the first available downward pitch. And Lord help you if you don't get over and let him pass! *Por Dios*, you will see tailgating brought to a fine art, unmatched even in the Lincoln Tunnel. In France, it is an everyday occurrence to look in your rearview mirror and see a Simca halfway up your rear bumper, or a line of Renaults and Citroëns and Matras tooling along at 85 mph as though they were welded together tail to nose.

If an Italian friend is correct, then the Christian religion must take some of the blame for such deadly European nonchalance. He asked to take the wheel of my rented car, and we careened down a two-lane road in the Dolomite Mountains at top speed, only occasionally drifting into the correct lane. "Hey," I hollered. "Why, Claudio. . . ."

"I know what you are thinking," my friend said calmly as he nipped the wheel a millimeter to the right to *miss* a hill-climbing truck. "But you are wrong. God will protect us till He is ready to take us to His side."

"Is it against the rules to give Him a little help?" I inquired in a squeaky, whiny voice.

Claudio turned and looked at me disdainfully. "Give *Him* help?" he said. "You are typical American person, to think He needs your help! A shame on you for such thoughts!"

Claudio's fatalism is trans-European. An American expatriate talks about Teutonic drivers. "They figure it's all in the lap of the gods. You'll be driving along a two-lane highway and suddenly an oncoming car'll pull out to pass, maybe 50 meters ahead. There's only one way you can miss him, and that's to get off the road, run up on the shoulder. It's like a game of chicken, except that if you lose you're dead. Another thing the Krauts do: when they want to pull out and pass, they pull out and pass! They don't use the mirror, and they don't turn their heads to see if somebody's already in the passing lane. They just don't worry; God will protect them. Last fall an American insurance executive was driving from Munich to Innsbruck on a two-laner, and he was passing a line of slow traffic when one of the slower cars pulled out, shoved him across the shoulder and down into a meadow. He was killed. It was in the lap of the gods, but the gods took the wrong person."

One bright Italian day, when most of us were younger and more foolish, I was driving a typical European toy car—a Fiat 1100 convertible—up the Autostrada del Sole near Rome. "Let's see what she'll do," I said to my wife, and floored the gas pedal on a long, flat stretch of road. We whirred along at 140 kph (87 mph), and just as we were passing a lumbering old truck, the truck driver swerved out and ran us off the road. Before the little car could be brought under control, we had torn up about 200 yards of fine Italian grass,



and we were both quivering with terror. My wife was first to speak. "That's—the closest—we'll ever come—to dying—in a wreck," she said breathlessly. She was right, except that five minutes later, a few miles farther down the Autostrada, we underwent exactly the same experience, at a slightly lower speed. This time the offending truck driver shook his fist at me for committing the unpardonable: I had tried to pass him.

Since those two closest calls of my life, minutes apart, the true symbolic and psychological significance of overtaking in Europe has become clear. My Munich friend—the one who thinks the Olympics will blow up—puts it this way: "When you pass a European driver, you tell him that he's frail and weak and near-

*continued*



sighted, and that his wife is having an affair with the butcher. And of course you're telling him that his car's a joke, just like him."

How else to explain the peculiar peck order that has developed, based on price and horsepower? According to Franz Spelman, who lives in Munich but drives all over the Continent, "A 304 Peugeot is never supposed to pass a 100 Audi. The Audi is supposed to yield immediately to a BMW 2000, even if this happens on a mountain road where passing is suicidal. And if you come up behind a Porsche 911 or a Ferrari Dino or a Lamborghini—well, just don't pass him or something awful might happen."

For a concrete example of what Spelman meant, consider a lonely stretch of country road L499, serpentining through dense forests between the villages of Mechernich and Satzvey. It is just after midnight, and Herfried Ahrens, owner of a chain of department stores, is driving briskly in his powerful Mercedes 280SL. A car approaches from the rear, all headlights flashing, and passes Ahrens on a curve. The merchant notices that the passing car is an Opel Commodore, 60 hp weaker and $3,000 cheaper than his Mercedes, so he flicks up his own bright lights, stomps on the accelerator and passes the Opel. This happens four or five times, at speeds up to 90 mph, until finally the two drivers stop and climb from their cars for a more intimate confrontation. Six shots later, the driver of the Opel, a bricklayer, is dead.

In Germany, no one was either disturbed or surprised that Herfried Ahrens was cleared of all charges. An Opel Commodore does not pass a Mercedes 280SL, *und das ist das.*

Indeed, the best possible advice for an American driver in Europe would be *never* to pass—except that if one never passes, then one must *be* passed, and other problems will ensue. You can be driving 50 mph along a German Autobahn and incur the wrath of a speeder simply because you don't cower all the way over to the shoulder when he hurtles by, and he may cut you off sharply just to show his contempt. Or you may be climbing up a steep succession of mountain switchbacks with a European driver tailgating you and flashing his lights menacingly, demanding that you pull over and let him pass even though there's nothing but sheer cliff on your right. This happened recently to an American driver, and he tapped his horn twice out of pure frustration. Thirty minutes later he came to an intersection where an Austrian highway policeman and the impatient motorist were waiting to charge him with illegal use of the horn. He paid a fine.

One may or may not agree with Dickens' Mr. Bumble that "the law is a ass," but certainly European law is at least—well, different. In fairness it must be pointed out that it is next to impossible to wind up in a European jail on a driving charge; such matters are almost invariably handled on a less punitive basis (but if you're hell-bent on going to jail in Europe, try bribing a policeman or calling him a Fascist pig or driving drunk).

Once inside the jail, however, one has gone through the looking glass. Habeas corpus is unknown. Should you be unfortunate enough to become involved in a fatal accident in Spain, for example, you may languish for months while the police make a leisurely and thorough investigation. Don't bother to call your lawyer; the Miranda Decision is inapplicable.

In the courtroom one also must be prepared for a surprise, especially if the courtroom is in Switzerland. A laborer in Geneva found himself hauled into court for failing to yield the right of way—a month earlier in another city. Entirely on the unsupported testimony of the complainant, the man was fined $18. Enraged, he took the case to an appeals court, which, equally enraged, quadrupled the fine and tacked on costs.

A Swiss national—let us call the poor fellow Good Driver Schweik—was cruising along a one-way street when he came to a barely moving car ahead. He pulled out to pass, and the slow car moved squarely in front of him. This went on for several blocks, until finally Good Driver Schweik made an especially determined move, whereupon the slower car rammed him.

The rammer stormed out of his car and proclaimed in rustic Schweizerdeutsch, "I've been driving for 27 years!"

Good Driver Schweik said calmly, "Yes, I'll bet you have. Around the dunghills of your village."

Fisticuffs ensued, and the rammer pummeled Schweik into the earth, climbed back into his old car and drove off. By American standards, he had committed about six separate and distinct offenses, including assault with a deadly weapon, assault and battery, and hit-run driving.

A few weeks later, Good Driver Schweik received notice that he, Schweik, had been charged with various traffic offenses. In court the judge told him, "Herr Schweik, you come from the big city of Zurich, and you've had a good education and a good background. But this poor fellow that hit you, he's from a small village. He hasn't had your opportunities. He doesn't have your sophistication. When he tried to keep you from overtaking, you should have realized that he didn't want you to pass! You should have been patient with him. As for the fight, well my dear Herr Schweik, it wasn't very kind of you to talk about the dunghills of his village, was it?"

His Honor's final decision was a model of Helvetian jurisprudence: he dropped all charges and ordered the drivers to split costs. Schweik was relieved to have beaten the rap after having committed such heinous offenses as coming from a big city and being sophisticated.

Of all the European countries, Switzerland will be the most crowded this summer, both because of its many sightseeing attractions and because it is just down the block from the Olympic

*continued*

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Games. Already car-rental agencies are reporting sellouts (or rentouts) and rushing cars into Zurich and Geneva from other parts of Europe.

Too bad. This picturesque little country that so magnetizes the tourist is an aggravating place to drive. Thousands of Swiss seem to suffer from chronic irregularity or iron-poor blood or some other undiagnosed condition that causes them to turn into snapping ogres the instant they get behind the wheel of a car. Tempers flare: insults and sometimes blows fly freely. A South African diplomat's wife passed a Swiss car, and at the first stop street in the center of town the indignant Swiss got out of his car and slapped the woman in the face. In a similar incident, two secretaries from the U.S. Embassy in Berne got off with minor shakings.

For a time, the Swiss enjoyed questioning one another's sanity by driving alongside and sharply turning an imaginary key on the temple in a clockwise direction. When that was made a misdemeanor, people began using a backward peace sign (and sometimes half a peace sign) as a show of annoyance. At the moment, the typical Swiss driver seems content to shake his fist, especially at foreigners, and the practice has become so widespread that certain consular employees have removed their CD (Corps Diplomatique) tags so that they will not be spotted as auslanders.

A while back, Hertz began putting big yellow-and-black T (for tourist) signs on rental cars. A pamphlet explained that the conspicuous T would tell the natives that you are "a tourist who may not be familiar with our roads . . . who may drive into a wrong lane . . . and then the Swiss will not immediately lose their temper." No, not immediately; not for three-fifths of a second. Latterly, against the odds, Hertz reports the sign is bringing good results, the deep-down Swiss courtesy apparently having won out over the deep-down Swiss insularity, and now other Swiss auto-rental agencies are following suit.

But if attitudes are improving ever so slightly, the awful Swiss roads are changing hardly at all. "We invented DDT," my Swiss friend Michael Vescoli once told me, "and we had the first cogwheel railroad and the first self-winding

watch, and we developed milk chocolate and the gas turbine, but we still haven't discovered the highway!"

"Cowpaths" is a better description. Except for a superhighway that is progressing by inches, Swiss roads are high-crowned, slick, pockmarked and adorned at every blind 90-degree turn by a farmer leading a herd of goats or a blind old bullock plodding ahead of a tank of liquid fertilizer or a young *Oberlander* dawdling along the center stripe, all of them secure in the knowledge that the right-of-way firmly belongs to them. "The pedestrian," says an anguished Zurich cabdriver, "he is a sacred cow in this country." Under Swiss law, you are *always* at fault if you hit a pedestrian, no matter what the circumstances. As Vescoli said, "If you pass under a tree and a man drops out of the tree in front of your car and you hit him, you're at fault for passing under the tree at that particular moment." The law is accented in a typical drivers' examination:

Q—If you see a child crossing the road, when do you stop?

A—Before you see the child.

One would suppose that such laws would make prudent drivers of the Swiss, and one would be wrong. Typically European, the Swiss have two speeds: all-out and full-stop. I once had the pleasure of driving 1,200 miles through France with a Swiss chauffeur, and for 1,200 miles his foot was shoving with all his strength at either the gas pedal or the foot brake. A day's driving left us physical wrecks. My head bobbed dizzily about like a rag doll's, and I had long, sometimes losing bouts with *mal de mer*, hundreds of miles from the sea.

In Lugano, a Swiss tried to convince me that he and his countrymen are highly skilled drivers, that it is not poor drivers but poor conditions that cause such a high accident rate. "Why, take my own case," he said, not without a certain hauteur. "Already, on the narrow, crowded streets of Lugano, I am hitting two children."

My anguished look startled him.

"Oh, no, no, no," he said. "Not to worry, my friend. They were not hurt bad. Just a scratch or two."

Well, one might have thought, at least this Swiss has learned his lesson. After hitting two innocent children, he obvi-

*continued*



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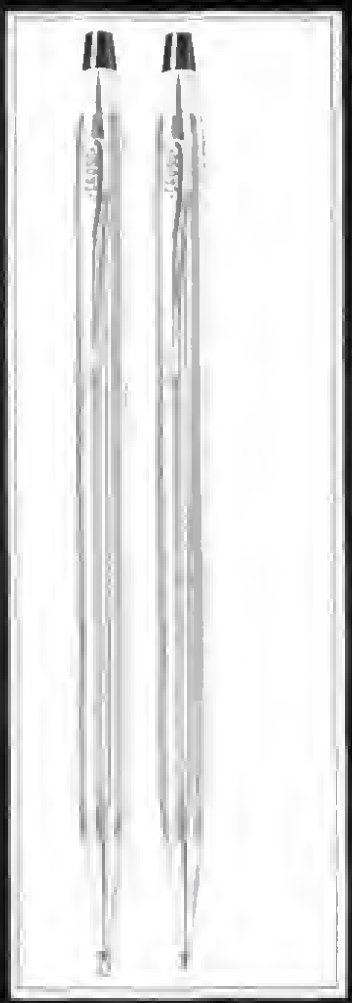

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## BAD TO WURST *continued*

ously will be driving like an old lady. Then I went for a ride with him, and he drove like Emerson Fittipaldi, through those same narrow, crowded streets of Lugano.

Later we were driving north out of Zurich, duplicating the Zurich-Munich trip that several thousand Americans would be making later in the summer. Near the Albis Tunnel, there was a warning sign with an animal on it.

"What's that?" I asked my wife.

"Wait," she said. "It's—no, it can't be. Yes, it is! It's a frog!"

"A frog?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "a frog. What do you suppose it means? 'Dangerous frog ahead?' 'Beware of giant frog?' "

We found out later that the sign of the frog signified that there was a frog-breeding area just off the road, and that sometimes frogs by the hundreds slithered their way across, making the road even more dangerous than usual. "When the frogs begin to move," a Swiss informant explained, "you would be wise to stop and give them the right-of-way, like any other Swiss pedestrians." He told me that there had been a small tempest when it was first announced that the sign would be put up. "People said there were already enough signs cluttering our roadsides. One man joked that they should put a picture of a car along the frogs' path, instead of a frog along the highway. Another said, 'But anybody knows *frogs can't read signs!*' "

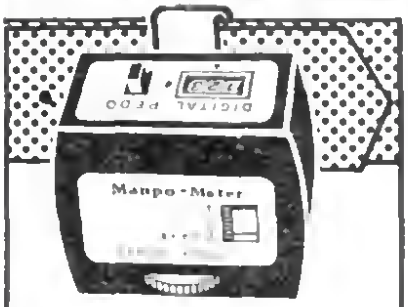
Now, whenever reminiscing about the painful art of driving in Europe, I try to remember that frog-warning sign at Albis, and how the pedestrian is always right, even if he falls from a tree, and the peculiar rule *priorité à droite*, which means that anyone on your right is *right*, and if you hit him, you'll get yours later. I try to remember whether a Renault 17 should be driven past a Saab Sonett with alacrity or trepidation, or not at all, and whether a Fiat 500 coming up from the rear with all eight headlights ablaze should be ignored or avoided or what. The rules and strictures and traditions and customs fuse together in my mind, and I am left with one superconclusion, one universal admonition to myself and my fellow Americans, one ultimate truth about driving in Europe:

Don't. **END**

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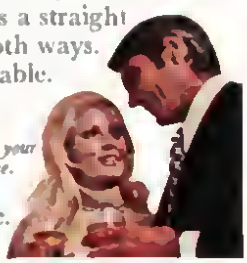


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# Death and Suffrage at Epsom

**Emily Davison hoped to advance her cause by bringing down the royal colors. But even while dying she was upstaged** by JOHN COTTRELL

From the royal box, the bearded King George V ranged his binoculars over a scene of color, bustle and noise: vociferous bookmakers shouting the odds, costers in pearly jackets crying their wares, buskers grinding hurdy-gurdies, gypsies and tipsters offering glimpses of the future. From high in the stands, the view was of one great bobbing sea of silk toppers, straw boaters, cloth caps and fancy creations of velvet and lace adorned with flowers and plumage.

It was Derby Day, June 4, 1913, and in this third year of George's reign a record crowd had converged on Epsom Downs to see the race that was the blue riband of the English turf, the premier classic for 3-year-olds. Spectators came on foot, bicycles and donkey carts, by automobile, train and a newfangled transport called the motor omnibus; they filled the stands and packed the rails along the horseshoe-shaped racecourse of 1½ miles. Singly or in groups, they came together as strangers, and in the evening, still strangers, they would disperse and go their separate ways. Well, not quite all.

On this particular afternoon, two totally disparate people—a man and a woman—traveled individually to Epsom Downs, each unaware of the other's existence and yet destined to meet in circumstances that would have dramatic consequences for both. Together, they would make this Derby the most sensational and disastrous ever run.

The woman was an altogether improbable racegoer: Emily Wilding Davison, a tall, thin, red-haired spinster, plainly dressed in light overcoat with matching gray hat. Her interests were essentially intellectual, befitting a self-made bluestocking who had emerged from London University with a first-class honors degree in English. Horse racing meant precisely nothing to her, yet, on this day, she bought a railway ticket from London to Epsom, and on arrival she positioned herself at the rails near the sharp bend in the track called Tattenham Corner.

The man was familiar to all regular racegoers: Herbert (Bert) Jones, 32 years old, a quiet, unassuming fellow. Despite his rough, country stock and minimal education, he journeyed to Epsom in style, by chauffeur-driven limousine. On arrival he changed into the royal racing colors of purple, gold braid, scarlet sleeves and black velvet cap with gold tassel. As the King's jockey, he was to ride the gray colt Anmer, a 50-to-1 long shot.

Although divergent in outlook, interests and tastes, Emily and Bert did share one distinctive characteristic: a kind of stubborn courage. It had taken Emily far from the remote Northumberland town of Morpeth, where her widowed mother kept a tiny sweetshop, and it had enabled her, in open defiance of firm-rooted prejudice against career women, to work her way through college and win recognition as a brilliant scholar and gifted orator. The same kind of courage had enabled Bert to advance almost overnight from humble stableboy to celebrated jockey, largely on the strength of his handling of Diamond Jubilee, the most vicious and wayward horse in the royal stables, which he rode to victory in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger in 1900. Single-handed, he made Prince Eddy, the future King Edward VII, winning owner of the year. Other classic triumphs had followed, including a second Derby win, on King Edward's Minoru in 1909.

Now, in 1913, Jones was riding for a second monarch and seeking his third Derby success. But he didn't rate his chances very high on Anmer. His private fancy for the race was the 6-to-4 favorite, Craganour, a spirited bay colt owned by Mr. C. Bower Ismay, the shipping magnate.

Far away from the stands, just beyond Tattenham Corner, Emily Davison looked at her watch. It was almost time for the Derby. She had watched the previous races idly, ticking off three winners on her scorecard, but her interest remained purely academic. She did not even have a bet on the Derby. She had matters of far greater moment on her mind.

Meanwhile, 15 runners were milling at the start. Bert Jones, all coolness and experience, sat patiently on a blinkered mount. Craganour, fierce of eye and kicking out to left and right, was the cause of some delay. Then, suddenly, they were off. Under leaden skies and on firm going, the field descended briefly, then faced a testing climb before veering left at five furlongs out and descending to the final sharp lefthander at Tattenham Corner.

At the mile post, with two-thirds of the race run, the leader was Mr. Alan Cunliffe's Aboyeur, a 100-to-1 shot. It meant nothing. As the crowd knew, the classic tactic in this supreme test of speed and stamina is to take the lead around Tattenham Corner as the horses enter the long final straight. And Craganour's rider, American Jockey Johnny Reiff, needed no reminder: he was already a double Derby winner and the younger brother of one-time Derby victor Lester Reiff.

As he had done the previous year, Reiff made his challenge at the bend, and into the straight the favorite and the outsider were running neck and neck. At that moment, the unbelievable happened. Just beyond the bend, with five leading horses gone by, Emily Davison ducked under the rails, eluded a policeman and ran onto the course—directly into the path of the oncoming horses.

Walter Earl on Agadir skillfully avoided her by a whisker. Jones aboard Anmer also saw her in time and reacted quickly. Oddly enough, he had faced similar situations on three recent occasions, when women had vaulted onto the track and tried to cross over during a race. But this time was different. This woman was deliberately heading toward him.

"Surely she was mad," he later recalled. "I reined Anmer cruelly. And then with a great rush she seized Anmer's bridle and leaped at his neck with the movement of a matador. An awful scream. The crowd yelled. Women fainted. In an instant we were all three in a struggling heap on the grass."

When Emily somehow managed to grab the King's horse she was bowled over and kicked in the head. Almost si-

continued

multaneously, Anmer turned a somersault and fell upon his rider. As the horse struggled to his feet, Jones was torturously dragged over the ground with one leg caught in the stirrup, and when he finally fell free he was left unconscious in the center of the track. A few yards away, now hatless and lying half on her back with arms outstretched and knees doubled up, was Emily Davison. She, too, was motionless.

After its initial shock, the nearby crowd fell silent and immobile. Then after the remaining runners had scrambled safely through, spectators began to surge onto the course. Mounted police galloped up to draw a cordon round the bodies, and soon stretcher-bearers were carrying away the famous jockey and the unknown woman. Away from the disaster, attention still focused on the outcome of the race.

The leading riders were oblivious to the chaos behind them as Craganour and Aboyeur were in a bruising, hell-for-leather duel over the final straight. Almost inseparable to the eye, they seemed to be running too close for comfort. Aboyeur gave his rival a hefty bump. Reiff replied. In the finishing scrimmage they were still shoulder to shoulder, with Louvois, Great Sport, Day Comet and Shogun only a few paces behind.

"Craganour by a nose!" someone shouted, and the cry reverberated round the downs. A smiling Mr. Ismay led in his heavily backed horse. Johnny Reiff glowed with the distinction of his third Derby triumph. Bookies gloomily accepted appalling losses and began to pay out as the "all right" flag was hoisted.

But it was not all right. Two minutes later came the second stunning blow of that mad afternoon on Epsom Downs. The red "objection" flag was being run up—a sight seen only once before in the 133 years of the Derby. The stewards were questioning whether Craganour had interfered with other runners.

For 30 minutes, the result hung on the findings of a court of inquiry. The judges' decision hit like a thunderbolt. Craganour was disqualified because "by not keeping a straight course, he had at one point of the race seriously interfered with Shogun, Day Comet and Aboyeur, and had afterwards bumped and bored the latter so as to prevent his winning." Aboyeur, the hopeless 100-to-1 shot, was declared the winner.

That result was to be debated by the racing fraternity for years to come, but the incident involving Miss Davison and the King's jockey soon became a national *cause célèbre*. Who was she? Why had she done it? Curiously, her motive was established before her identity: when a policeman turned over her body he found, tied around her waist, three ribbons of purple, green and white—the infamous colors of the militant suffragette group, the Women's Social and Political Union. Their catalog of crimes had outraged most of male Britain and had recently escalated from window smashing to planting bombs, firing railway stations and (most despicable of all in the eyes of sporting gentry) burning their slogans into putting greens with acid.

The Derby atrocity was sure to stir new bitterness. Press reports roundly condemned Miss Davison's "senseless act." But King George V gave at least a show of impartiality by sending an attendant to inquire about the condition of both his jockey and the lady. He was told that Jones had a concussion, extensive cuts to the face and bruised ribs, but he would soon recover. The woman had a severe fracture of the skull, but she was also expected to pull through. That night, Queen Mary wrote in her diary: " . . . poor Jones, who was much knocked about," adding " . . . the horrid woman was injured but not seriously." The Queen was misinformed. Emily Davison never recovered consciousness. At Epsom Cottage Hospital an operation was performed, but the brain damage was beyond repair. Four days later on Sunday, June 8, Emily died.

Miss Davison's record as a militant demonstrator immediately gave rise to the conclusion that she had deliberately sacrificed her life. She was, after all, the most belligerent and daring rebel in the suffragette movement; the first to practice arson, the first to talk openly of laying down one's life for the cause. Once, in Holloway prison, this desperate and confused woman had thrown herself from the landing outside the cells; only wire netting saved her from death. She had been imprisoned repeatedly; each time she had tried a hunger strike and had to be forcibly fed. Once she barricaded herself in her cell for five days, refusing to open up even after she had been drenched with cold water from a fire hose. Finally, when they could not rouse her, the door had to be removed from its hinges. They found Emily half-dead, lying in six inches of water.

Contrary to popular belief, she did not set out on Derby Day with suicidal intent. Her original plan, as confided to a friend, was to wave the suffragette colors at Tattenham Corner and, hopefully, distract the horses and disorganize the race. But after watching the early races she probably realized the ineffectiveness of such action. On impulse, she must have resolved on a bolder, more positive move.

Nevertheless, she was hailed a genuine martyr by her sisterhood. In life, she had been a lone extremist viewed with a certain amount of disfavor by the leaders of suffragism. No more. In death, she united the entire movement. They bore her across London in a funeral procession made up of thousands of women grouped in sections according to their suffragette colors: women in black carrying purple irises, women in purple clutching peonies, women in white with madonna lilies. Each section, marching four abreast, had its own brass band and standard-bearers. Four black horses drew the cortege. And heading the great cavalcade was a lone woman bearing a cross.

It was a death march of a scale and majesty to rival the funerals of kings and queens, yet in the end it counted for little. Its propaganda value was lessened only five days later when a madman, brandishing a revolver in one hand and a suffragette flag in the other, ran onto the course of the Ascot Gold Cup and brought down the leading horse and his rider. Sympathy for the injured maniac evaporated when they found on his person a Bible upon the flyleaf of which had been written the words, "Oh the weariness of these races and the crowds they attract."

One year later Britain was plunged into World War I, and at one stroke the suffragette campaign and Emily's martyrdom paled into comparative insignificance. Yet those directly involved in the events of that amazing Derby would never forget. In 1951 the body of Herbert Jones was discovered in a gas-filled room. He was 70 years old, suffering from tuberculosis, and had died by his own hand. The coroner concluded that he had taken his life "while the balance of his mind was disturbed." It had been disturbed, said some, ever since the day of that fateful meeting with Emily Wilding Davison. **END**


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| *7N42 | JOHN BROCKINGTON Green Bay | | 16N42 | CHARLEY TAYLOR Washington | | 9A89 | PETE BANASZAK Oakland | |
| 7N66 | HAY NITSCHKE Green Bay | | 16N43 | LARRY BROWN Washington | | 9A83 | BEN DAVIDSON Oakland | |
| 50N1B | ROMAN GABRIEL, Los Angeles | | | | | 10A21 | JOHN HADL San Diego | |

# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the week Aug. 15-21**

**AUTO RACING**—DAVID PEARSON, driving a Mercury, won the $84,000 Yankee 400 stock car race in Cambridge Junction, Mich. after a bumper-to-bumper duel with Bobby Allison over the last 50 miles.

**BILLIARDS**—JEAN BALUKAS, 13, of Brooklyn, took the women's title and 27-year-old New Jersey schoolteacher STEVE MIZERAK the men's in the seventh U.S. Open Pocket Billiards Championships in Chicago *(page 22)*.

**CHESS** BOBBY FISCHER of the United States moved closer to the world championship by drawing three games with defending titlist Boris Spassky of the U.S.S.R. The score after 16 games in Reykjavik, Iceland, was 9½–6½, with Fischer needing only three points in eight games to win.

**GOLF** BRUCE DEVLIN of Australia shot a closing-round 69 to win the $200,000 USI Classic in Sutton, Mass. Devlin's 13-under-par 275 beat Lee Elder by three strokes.

MARY BUDKE, an 18-year-old sophomore at Oregon State University, scored a 5 and 4 victory over Cynthia Hill of St. Petersburg, Fla. in the 36-hole final of the U.S. Women's Amateur championship. Defending champ Laura Baugh was defeated in the quarterfinals *(page 75)*.

**HARNESS RACING**—SUPER BOWL, Stanley Dancer's Hambletonian favorite, won both heats of the $21,970 Review Futurity Trot over Billy Haughton's Spartan Hanover at the Illinois State Fair in Springfield. The bay colt was timed in 1:59⅘ and 1:59⅘.

Herve Filion drove NANSEMOND ($16) to a three-length upset victory over millionaire pacer Albatross in the $44,490 Suburban Downs Pacing Derby at Hawthorne Raceway in Cicero, Ill.

ARMBRO NESBIT ($3), driven by Canadian lumberman Duncan McDonald, scored a three-quarter-length victory over Joe D'Brien's Steady Airliner with a time of 1:59⅘ in the first division of the $24,985 Lawrence B. Sheppard Pace at Yonkers Raceway. The second leg was won by VALIANT BRET, driven by John Chapman.

**HORSE RACING**—KEY TO THE MINT ($3), with Braulio Baeza aboard, caught Tentam a 16th of a mile from the wire and won the $111,000 Travers Stakes for 3-year-olds at Saratoga. The victory, Key to the Mint's sixth in 10 starts, occurred before a crowd of 30,022, the largest in Saratoga's 108-year history.

ROBERTO, a 3-year-old 15-to-1 shot also ridden by Baeza, won the $125,000 Gold Cup in York, England, foiling Brigadier Gerard's bid for a 16th straight victory. Owned by Pittsburgh Pirate President John Galbreath and named after Roberto Clemente, the colt set a course record of 2:07⅘ for the 1¼ miles and won by three lengths.

ASSAGAI JR. ($10.60), with Joe Imparato up, took the $111,340 Sapling Stakes for 2-year-olds at Monmouth Park, N.J. Favored Little Big Chief finished second in the six furlong race, two lengths back.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—OAKLAND shut out Baltimore 16–0 behind George Blanda's three field goals and lefty Ken Stabler's eight-yard pass to Fred Biletnikoff. The Colts, who failed to score a touchdown for the second consecutive week, gave the NFL its first taste of the Wishbone offense with rookie Quarterback Jack Mildren sending the team on a 45-yard drive in the fourth quarter. Later in the week the unbeaten Raiders packed on Los Angeles 34-9 as Stabler and Daryle Lamonica completed 20 of 39 passes. The harassing DALLAS defense set up 17 of the Cowboys' points in a 30-7 win over the Saints before a record preseason crowd of 61,070 in Tulane Stadium. WASHINGTON rolled over Philadelphia 34–10, and has now outscored three opponents 108-13. PITTSBURGH, the NFL's fourth undefeated team in preseason play, received help from Quarterback Terry Hanratty when starter Terry Bradshaw was knocked out of the game with a slight injury for the third straight week. The Steelers defeated Atlanta 31–17 with Rookie Franco Harris racing 76 yards for a touchdown. BUFFALO's Dennis Shaw was not bothered by Minnesota's Purple Gang, throwing for three touchdowns en route to a surprising 21-10 victory. O.J. Simpson demonstrated the effectiveness of Coach Lou Saban's "new look" offense by rushing for 68 yards. SAN DIEGO, still playing without recalcitrant Duane Thomas, eased by San Francisco 17–16 when Quarterback John Hadl marched the Chargers 66 yards and tossed a three-yard touchdown pass to Jerry Lewis with 56 seconds left. MIAMI defeated Cincinnati 35-17 as Bob Griese connected for three scores, two to Paul Warfield. Tim Van Galder, a three-year member of the ST. LOUIS taxi squad, replaced Quarterback Gary Cuozzo after the Cardinals' scoreless first half and led them to a 17–13 win over Denver. HOUSTON scored 10 points before Green Bay ran an offensive play and the Oilers came away with a 20-3 victory. Chicago looked as if it would do the same to NEW ENGLAND, scoring on a 92-yard pass from Bobby Douglass to Earl Thomas in the first 34 seconds. But Patriot Quarterback Jim Plunkett was in control the rest of the way, completing 17 of 28 passes for two touchdowns to beat the Bears 27–17. The Giants and Jets decided nothing in a wide-open 31–31 tie in the Yale Bowl. DETROIT sent Cleveland reeling to its third defeat in 16 days, 34–7.

**SOCCER** The DALLAS Tornado, North American Soccer League champion, and the MOSCOW Dynamo, champion of the U.S.S.R., played to a 0-0 tie in Texas Stadium in Dallas, marking the first appearance of a Russian team in the United States. Dynamo will play three more games on its American tour.

**TENNIS** EVONNE GOOLAGONG of Australia breezed through a final match with Virginia Wade of Great Britain 6-3, 6-1 to win the women's singles title at the Canadian Open championships. ILIE NASTASE of Rumania beat Andrew Pattison of Rhodesia 6-4, 6-3, in the men's finals.

JOHN NEWCOMBE won over Ken Rosewall 5-7, 1-6, 7-5, 6-4, 6-4 in the finals of the $50,000 Colonial National tournament.

NANCY RICHEY GUNTER of San Angelo, Texas defeated Billie Jean King of Palm Aire, Fla. 1-6, 6-4, 6-3 in the finals of the $25,000 Virginia Slims Denver International.

**MILESPOETS** RESTRAINED From leaving the Boston Bruins at least until Oct. 1, when current NHL contracts expire, Center DEREK SANDERSON and Goalie GERRY CHEEVERS, who recently signed with the Philadelphia Blazers and the Cleveland Crusaders of the WHA, by a U.S. District Court in Boston. Philadelphia countered with a suit on behalf of the new league, asking that the NHL's reserve clause be declared invalid.

SIGNED To a new four-year contract worth a reported $2.5 million, KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR squelching rumors that the 7-2" center would leave the Milwaukee Bucks when his contract ran out following the 1972-73 season.

SUSPENDED From postseason competition for one year as a result of recruiting violations, the UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS football, basketball and track teams and the DUKE UNIVERSITY basketball team, by the NCAA policy-making council. In addition Kansas' football team was barred from appearing on television. Eastern Michigan University was censured for recruiting infractions and the indefinite suspension placed on the University of California in 1971 was set to last until February 1973.

**■ ■ CREDITS ■ ■**

6—Ne Lefler. 14, 15—[illegible] Shead & [illegible]. 16—Bob Crumpton Shead & [illegible] 17—D. e Bigbie [illegible] Lilly Nightwonder. 18—Walter Iooss Jr. 19—John Biggs. 20—Walter Iooss Jr. 30—Dave Stewart. 35—Jerry Cooke. 37—Carl Cranham, James Drake. 38—Ne Lefler. 39—Ne Lefler, V. Kevin Soules, USSR Presselotto Weeks. 40—William Allard, Alfred Wilfred Wells, Heinz Kluetmeier. 43—Ed Schweinfurt. 44, 45—Carl Cranham, Ne Lefler. 46—Carl Cranham, Eric Schweinfurt. 47—[illegible]. 48, 49—Eric Schweinfurt. 50, 51—Tony Triolo. 52—Richard Meek. 53—Richard Meek, David Muench, Black Star, Julian Calder, Tony Triolo. 54—Jerry Cooke. 62—AP. 63—Shead & Long. 64—Shead & Long. 72—Jerry DeCrow. 69—Henry Wolf Corp., Wide Corporation Enterprise, Lewis Photo.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**MRS. ELSIE BRACKEN,** 39, has caught 224 tarpon off Boca Grande, Fla. this year, releasing all but six, which she retained as tournament entries. Mrs. Bracken, who weighs just 90 pounds and stands 5 feet tall, landed one tarpon that weighed 146 pounds.



**CARRIE FOTOPOULOS** of Prairie Village, Kans., the nation's 29th ranked 14-year-old, became the youngest winner of the Missouri Valley women's tennis title in 52 years. She defeated the 19-year-old first seed and a six-time former champion in attaining her victory.



**DARRELL PACE,** 15, of Reading, Ohio, broke 11 national records to win the intermediate boys' title at the National Target Archery championships. He did not enter the men's round but shot from the same distance and scored 17 points more than the men's champ.



**BARBARA HOLIEN,** 18, of Granite Falls, Minn., compiled an average of 178 pins per game to take the women's division of the All-America Youth Bowling championships in Washington. She has won the Minnesota women's singles title the last two years.



**ROSE GILBERT,** 18, a graduate of Canyonville (Ore.) Bible Academy, figured in all 40 points her team scored to place second in the state Class A track meet. She holds state records in the 100-, 200-, 440- and 880-yard runs, the long jump and the pentathlon.



**MARITA REDONDO,** 16, of National City, Calif., won the USLTA singles title for girls 16 and under, beating Chris Evert's sister Jeanne in Charleston, W. Va. She then successfully defended her U.S. Amateur Grass Court championship in Wilmington, Del.

# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

**BOBBY'S GAME**

Sirs:

My thanks to Robert Cantwell for a brilliant article on the world chess championship (*How to Cook a Russian Goose*, Aug. 14) Bobby Fischer has given new meaning to the game by expressing his great love for it. A man who loves chess as deeply as Bobby does deserves to win the title.

LISA CASTAGNA

Kings Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

Now that the smoke has finally cleared, we are able to observe the chess player Bobby Fischer truly is. Fischer has mastered both the art of chess and the very important art of psyching out an opponent. It is time for the humiliated and the angry to stand up and cheer Mr. Fischer for his outstanding performance. The Russian's goose is cooked!

MATT WESTMAN

Longview, Wash.

Sirs:

Bobby Fischer is eccentric, and that's fine because he is a superb chess master, which, apparently, is all that counts with most people. However, my nomination for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sportsman of the Year is Boris Spassky for putting up with "Childe Bobby."

ELAINE MCQUIGGAN

Franklin, Mass.

Sirs:

The dictionary defines sport as a pastime pursued in open air or having an athletic character. It further defines athletic as "physically active and strong" and an athlete as "anyone trained to exercises of physical agility and strength." Why is Bobby Fischer on the cover of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?

ROBERT F. TAUCKUS

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have been reading SI for a period of 10 years, but I find your interest in sport quite strained when you feature Bobby Fischer on your cover. Your magazine, in the main, seems beyond reproach. However, when you include intellectual jokes, I must draw the line.

JOHN CHOATE

Denver

**THE COWBOYS' HOME**

Sirs:

Your article on Texas Stadium (*Some Home on the Range*, Aug. 14) was tops. I have never seen an article that so completely covered it. Texas Stadium is easily the best I have ever seen, but then its home team is also the best I have ever seen.

CROSBY WARREN

Avery, Texas

Sirs:

I relished your coverage of one heck of a stadium. From now on I'll think of them as the Dallas Wowboys.

RANDY FIKE

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

I read your article concerning the Cowboys' new stadium with increasing anger and frustration. Another plush temple has been built so Americans may worship sports to a more glamorous degree. This is an indication of how far we have to go in rerouting our value systems.

Clint Murchison Jr. and other sports magnates and their community backers should consider the irony while their sports shrines have been going up in many U.S. cities, the schools in those same cities have been forced for economic reasons to consider canceling entire sports programs for their students. Mr. Murchison and those like him would do better to consider the true meaning and value of sports competition and pour their money into local and national athletic programs instead of these unnecessary showplaces.

MARILYN J. GILROY

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Thank you for the article. It was an excellent social commentary. One only wonders what postscript archaeologists will attach to the dusty artifacts of American civilization when they exhume the Let-'Em-Eat-Cake Room of the Texas Stadium a million years from now.

WILLIAM J. ECCLESTON

Pascoag, R.I.

Sirs:

Clint Murchison's palace looks like something out of the final decline of the Roman Empire. All it needs is a vomitorium.

KEVIN HARRINGTON

Hillsborough, Calif.

Sirs:

The Dallas Cowboys do have some home on the range, but I wonder how many of the "pretty people" pictured in your Aug. 14 issue know the starting lineup for the Cowboys. You can bet the fan on the street, who can't afford today's exorbitant admission prices, can give you name and number of the entire Dallas team.

When will professional sports start catering to the real fans instead of to the wealthy? Hurrah for bleacher seats, real grass and Fenway Park.

GORDON LOVE

Birmingham, Mich.

**LITTLE JOE**

Sirs:

As a devoted Reds fan, I congratulate you on your story about Joe Morgan (*Little Joe Makes Big Reds Go*, Aug. 14). He has certainly done his share to make the Reds an even greater team than they were in 1970. Joe is the best base stealer and one of the best all-round players in the major leagues.

KRISTY MCCONNELL

Troy, Ohio

Sirs:

You sure gave credit where credit was due. You touched all the bases. But don't forget Bob Howsam, the general manager who brought Joe Morgan to the Reds.

CHUCK HENDERSON

Cincinnati

**LITTLE BOOMER**

Sirs:

It is true that Jack Nicklaus Jr., age 10, shot a best-ever 86 as reported in SI's Aug. 14 PEOPLE section. But it is not true that he won the 12-and-under division of the Scioto (Ohio) Country Club's Junior Golf Tournament.

Young Nicklaus' 86 was a first-round score, and indeed he led the tournament handsomely at that point. But Jack Jr. was impaled by his own putter, so to speak, in the second and final round. He shot 101 for a total of 187 and lost the title by one shot to 11-year-old Jim Kennedy Jr., who staged some kind of comeback after trailing young Jack by five strokes with nine holes to play.

There are some friends of both the Nicklauses and the Kennedys in our town who think young Kennedy deserves the national recognition young Nicklaus received, even if his daddy, Jim (Boomer) Kennedy, doesn't have a sore finger. The elder Nicklaus was not without compassion and praise for Kennedy Junior. He said, "You've got the best swing, Jimmy, I've ever seen for a boy your age."

KAYE KESSLER

Columbus

**HOT STOVE**

Sirs:

I congratulate Pamela Knight for her article on Rusty Staub (*When You Can't Clout 'Em, Cook 'Em*, July 31). After reading it, I'd definitely have to agree that Rusty is a

*continued*



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good cook, despite the fact that he should be out on the baseball field hitting home runs.

THOMAS SCIARA

West Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

I don't always read all of your articles, but when I started this one I couldn't stop. It is interesting to find out what Staub does with his free time when he is injured.

JOHN DAY

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sirs:

I really enjoyed your article on Rusty Staub's talent in the kitchen. I'm sure baseball fans everywhere really wanted to know how Rusty squeezes garlic through a press. Next time you want an article like this, why not show a series of pictures on how Roberto Clemente starts his lawn mower?

BEN PISCITELLI

Fairmont, W. Va.

**CROSSFIRE**

Sirs:

Your Aug. 7 article with the disarming title *Leapin' Lizards and Other Toothsome Fauna* was sadly misplaced in a magazine presumably devoted to sports. There was little sport evidenced in this disgusting narrative of a killing fest in the wilds of Costa Rica.

It is dismaying enough that SI finds it necessary and fitting to include hunting in its coverage. Surely there is already an ample supply of publications completely dedicated to the exploits of America's "sportsmen." However, this article (complete with vivid color photographs) was more than the usual portrait of hunter and prey. It was a joyful salute to the pleasures of killing for the hell of it. SI's readers were treated to such adventures as hunting frozen, defenseless deer with searchlight and shotgun at night, and watching a dying iguana "thrashing insanely with its brain blown out."

Even the article's author somewhat affectionately describes one of the hunt's participants as sadistic, and still another as bloodthirsty. I would suggest that these characteristics apply to the article and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as well.

PETER M. SCHWARTZ

New York City

I was appalled and disgusted by the flippant manner of Robert Jones as he told of the horrifying waste of wildlife in Costa Rica. There may be "no real pride in zapping an iguana," but to waste three to finally end up with only one is completely stupid. And to leave an animal lying beaten without making certain it has been cleanly killed is disreputable.

continued





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When an article so blatantly cruel as to include the bludgeoning to death of a fish, and the hypnotizing of a young deer so that it may be mercilessly slaughtered, can be printed in a sports magazine, who wishes to be considered a sportsman?

VIVIAN ZECHER

Storrs, Conn.

### HUE AND CRY

Sirs:

Since professional tennis came to television, "tennis whites" have been replaced with colors that would give a peacock ulcers. The viewers of NET's coverage of the U.S. Pro Tennis Championships at Longwood saw colorful tennis indeed. We were treated to Tom Okker and his matching yellow shirt and shorts. We saw Ray Ruffels and Bob Carmichael attired in bright blue. John Newcombe showed off his blinding yellow apparel. The men's finals was won by Bob Lutz in his burgundy-red shirt. But the topper was Haroon Rahim and his yellow and pink shirt with the word "PEACE" in three-inch-high letters on the front.

Where will it end? Probably when some player (wearing whites) has enough courage to demand that his opponent wear whites also, instead of a tie-dyed shirt, green shorts, striped headband, checkered wristbands, blue socks and puce tennis shoes.

Polychromy has no place on the tennis court!

ALAN SCOTT DODGE

Glen Cove, N.Y.

### ANTIQUERS

Sirs:

I was especially pleased to see the article and fine photographic coverage of the 1971 National Antique Airplane Association Fly-In (*Flying By Eye and the Seat of Your Pants*, Aug. 7). The antique airplane movement has been growing steadily for years now, and your article caught the very essence of the antiquer. Normally only aviation periodicals cover the antiques, consequently SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should be highly commended.

Of course, I was happy to see my airplane pictured on page 35 (I'm the No. 2 man, fuselage No. 17, in the Stearman formation shot). As we antiquers prepare for the 1972 fly-in, we appreciate the fine insight into our love affair with old airplanes that SI has provided for us and the rest of the nation's sport fans. Thank you.

THOMAS F. LOWE
Illinois State Director
Antique Airplane Association

Crystal Lake, Ill.

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